

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,600



JULY 28, 1900

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



\*STRAND\*

190

\*LONDON\*

PRICE NINEPENCE

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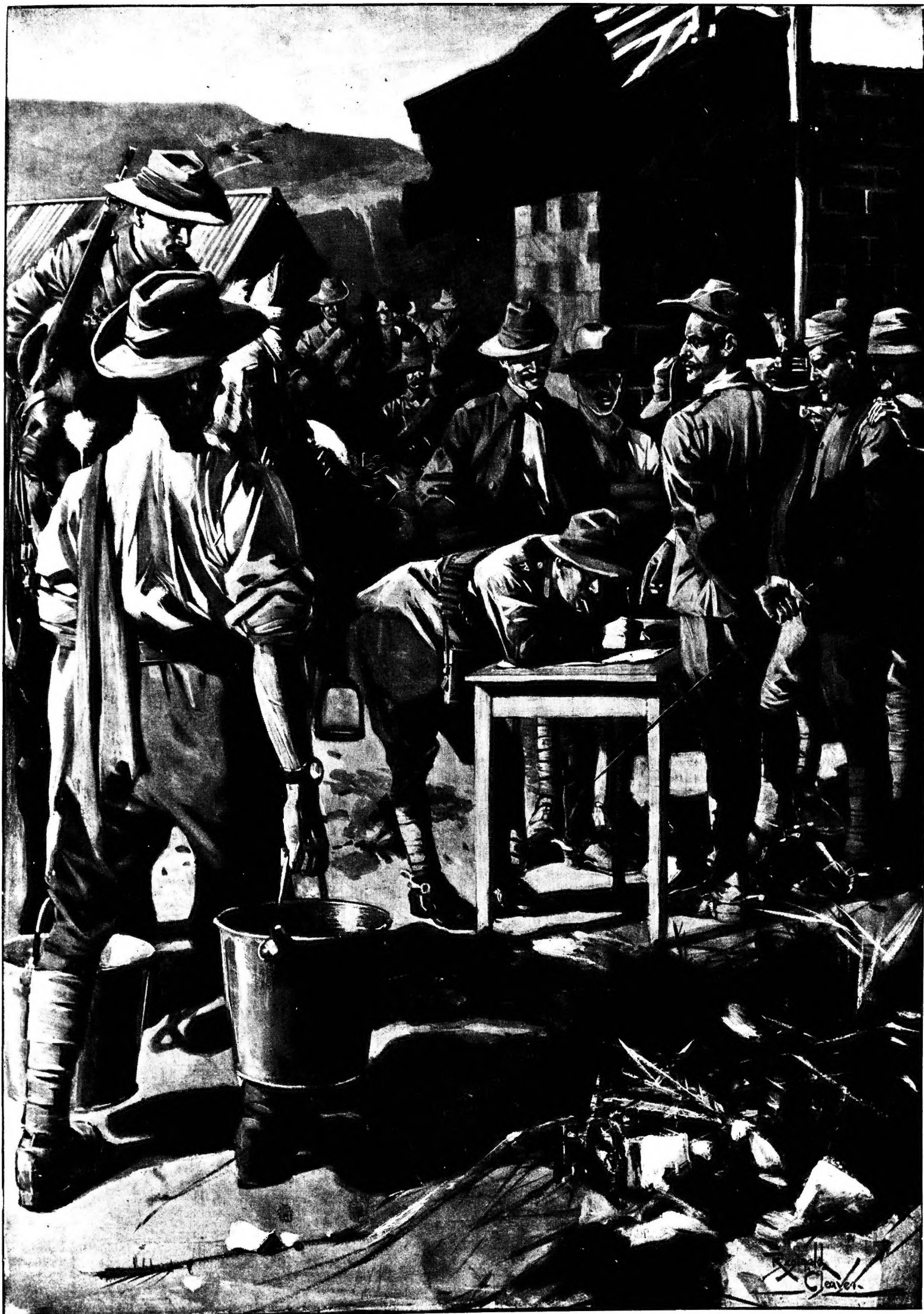
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,600.—VOL. LXII. ] EDITION  
Registered as a Newspaper ] DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1900

FORTY PAGES

[PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post, 9½d.]



DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY TROOPER CLEAVER

The 49th Company Imperial Yeomanry, weary of riding over the Transvaal taking prisoners and collecting arms, "mere police work," as our correspondent aptly puts it, and "sick of messing about," sent a "round robin" to Lord Roberts, praying to be allowed to see some fighting

SPOILING FOR A FIGHT

## Topics of the Week

**In the Far East**

THE gravity of the situation in the Far East has been, to some extent, relieved during the past week by the anxiety for peace manifested by the Chinese Government in the appeals it has addressed to the Powers. How far this is attributable to the complete breakdown of the Chinese line of defence at Tientsin is impossible to say. The situation is still puzzling, and there is an uneasy feeling abroad that all serious danger is not yet passed. The attack on the Russian frontier in Manchuria, and the success of the revolt in that province, show that the resources of China are far from exhausted. An element of sinister mystery is furthermore supplied by the journey of Li Hung Chang to Peking. What is its object? Li has never been the friend of the foreigner, and it is clear from the circumstances of his journey to Peking that he is not regarded in that city as wholly antipathetic to the views of those in power. Hence we may be sure that it is not quite to promote the ends the Powers have in view that he has gone to Peking. It must be remembered, too, that he is a past master in the art of sowing dissensions among the Powers, and we are afraid it does not want very much at the present moment to set the Concert by the ears. It will not be long, however, before this mystery is solved. Meanwhile the Powers will do well to make up their minds as to the policy they intend to pursue and how they intend to carry it out. Their task is not limited to the punishment of the authors of the present outbreak. If they are wise they will endeavour to provide against a recurrence of the present crisis. This can only be effected in the first place by limiting the reparation they are about to demand to the necessities of strict justice, and in the second place by endowing China with a strong Government. The lesson learnt by recent events is that the idea of China as the Sick Man in the family of nations is altogether false, and that to pursue a policy based on this error is to court an explosion which may be a disaster for the whole world. It is not at all unlikely that China will yet be a great Power, capable of making her voice heard and her influence felt in the field of international politics. The Powers will consequently do well not to add unnecessarily to her stock of grievances. That she has a long memory is shown by her sudden appearance on the Amur the other day.

**West African Delimitation**

It should afford some small comfort to those who wax impatient of the "peck of troubles" now worrying the British Empire to remember that only last year England and France were on the very verge of war in connection with West Africa. Happily, prudence prevailed on both sides, and, intricate as was the tangle to be unravelled, the deft fingers of diplomacy have at last accomplished the feat. The whole labour of delimiting the respective possessions of the two nations in that part of the Dark Continent is happily finished by a simple process of give and take, and there is, consequently, no farther risk of those chance collisions which were perpetually threatening not very long ago. Diplomacy has its victories as well as war, and it may be questioned whether history will not award as much credit to the Salisbury Government for arranging the West African settlement without firing a single shot, as for compelling the Boers by force to respect British supremacy "down south." Now that it is done the task looks to have been easy enough, but that was anything but the view of Downing Street when Chauvinists on both sides of the Channel shouted themselves hoarse with "No surrender" for their battle cry. Lord Salisbury and M. Delcassé deserve equal praise for having brought the trouble to an end in a happy climax of "peace with honour."

**Military Transport**

In all our recent wars, as previously, deficiency of military transport has caused grave embarrassment. It was painfully evident during the Tirah Campaign; it has undoubtedly delayed the subjugation of the Boers; gallant Colonel Willcocks had to wait a long time before he could advance to the rescue of the Kumassi garrison; away in China, Admiral Seymour was beset by the same difficulty the moment he left Tientsin for Peking. Professor Watson Cheyne now adds to this lengthy indictment by attributing the medical breakdown at Bloemfontein to the same fertile cause, and there seems to be little question that the distin-

guished surgeon hits the right nail on the head. It is essential, therefore, that when the re-organisation of our Army is taken in hand some effort must be made to furnish a more efficient transport service, which, like other parts of the great military machine, could be rapidly enlarged after the outbreak of war. There is, however, another view of this difficulty equally deserving attention. Our soldiers need to be rendered much more self-helpful; they should not require so much to be done for them when campaigning. They fall into that evil habit of dependence on others while serving in India, where native servants administer to their wants almost as if they were babies or rajahs. Officers also expect much more transport to be placed at their disposal than is the case in foreign armies. It was Sir Charles Napier, of recollection serves, who, when a complaint of that sort was addressed to him, whipped a tooth brush and a cake of soap out of his pocket and quietly remarked "The camel can carry a lot of these." Our gallant lads in South Africa have, no doubt, learned to be saving of transport by self-helpfulness, but until they acquired that knowledge they had to put up with many discomforts.

**Capital, Labour, and Trade**

SIR EDWARD GREY'S allocution at Morpeth, on the need of more hearty co-operation between employers and employed for their mutual advantage, would have been inscribed in letters of gold by Haroun Alraschid. Foreign competition is pressing on this country's trade more and more sharply, and unless those engaged in it stand together our commercial supremacy must inevitably go under. We shall be told, no doubt, that the Board of Trade returns afford the strongest possible proof that the nation's commercial prosperity is still flowing grandly. As Mr. Ritchie lately pointed out, that view rests on a patent fallacy; those who hold it accept values alone as tests of trading activity, whereas quantities should be equally considered if true judgment is desired. Thus, during the present year, the values of both our exports and imports have very largely increased, and commentators who do not look beyond that criterion exclaim, "Behold how wonderful is the commerce of these little isles." It is wonderful without doubt, but the question being whether its volume is increasing, remaining stationary, or diminishing, we must turn to quantities as a surer test than values. And what do we find? That while our imports this year have very slightly increased, our exports have diminished to about an equal extent. In the case of manufactures, such as cotton goods, the raw materials for which come from abroad, we pay higher, on the one hand, for our imports and sell them, when manufactured, at better prices. Even in the case of coals, the higher value does not represent all gain; it mostly comes out of the pockets of the many for the profit of the few, a state of things hardly harmonious with lasting commercial prosperity.

**Imperial Defence**

THE Duke of Devonshire very wisely warned his hearers the other day at the meeting of the British Empire League against attempting to force the pace with regard to Imperial Federation with plans of Imperial defence. The progress that has been made, and is being made towards Imperial Federation is the result of slowly working forces. Both here and in the Colonies it has been necessary to educate the mass of the people to the conception of the unity of the Empire, and that unity will not be promoted by any attempt to create definite institutions for which public opinion is not yet prepared or possibly may never be. At the present moment, perhaps, the most urgent need is a clearer understanding on all hands as to the best method of organising the defence of the Empire. It has long been urged by critics of our military system that the number of armed men within the Empire is amply sufficient for all probable needs, provided that they were organised on a coherent system. That this has not been done is partly, no doubt, due to the want of a regulating power to bring into harmony the independent efforts of the different Colonies and of the Mother Country. But that is not the main fault. After all, the contingents that the Colonies are able to put into the field, though composed of splendid material, are numerically insignificant in comparison with the forces raised and paid for by the United Kingdom and by India. These latter forces are all directly or indirectly under the control of the War Office, and the distinctly poor returns for all the money spent on these great bodies of men can only be due to causes affecting the War Office itself. The knowledge of this fact explains the strong desire felt in all the Colonies to keep the control of their own forces in their own hands. On the whole they are right. As the War Office is at present constituted it is more likely to strangle Colonial enthusiasm with red tape than to increase the efficiency of the Colonial forces. What is now happening is thoroughly satisfactory. The Colonies, stimulated by the war in South Africa, are, of their own free motion, overhauling their military system, and preparing schemes for very greatly strengthening the forces that they are able to raise. The success or the failure of these schemes depends, not on the approval or the disapproval of the War Office, but on the way in which they are received in the respective Colonies. In the long run the Colonial contribution to the defence of the Empire will be most valuable if it is given in the way that suits the Colonies best.

## The Court

THE QUEEN is now settled in the Isle of Wight for some weeks, and several of the Royal Family will be joining Her Majesty before long. The Prince and Princess of Wales take up their quarters on board the *Osborne* next week, Princesses Christian and Louise will stay at Osborne House with the Queen, and the Duke and Duchess of York may spend a few days at Osborne in the interval of visits to the provinces. The Duke and Duchess's four children are already staying there to meet with the four Battenberg grandchildren. There are plenty of young people round the Queen. Princess Beatrice and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein are also Her Majesty's companions. The change to sea air during the present heat wave suits the Queen, as Her Majesty always finds hot weather very trying. Indeed, during the last few days at Windsor Castle the Queen spent nearly all her time in a tent in the Frogmore grounds, driving there at nine o'clock to breakfast. After disposing of her correspondence, during the morning Her Majesty went back to Windsor Castle for lunch, but returned to Frogmore to take tea under the trees before her afternoon drive. The younger members of the Royal party at Osborne are looking forward to the yachting and regattas, which the Queen often watches with interest from a distance. There are a few visitors to dinner on most evenings.

The Prince and Princess of Wales leave town for Cowes next week, the Duke of Richmond's illness having altered their plans for Goodwood. Instead of staying at Goodwood House they will be on board their yacht *Osborne*, whence the Prince will go over to the races. He spent Saturday to Monday with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Compton Place, Eastbourne, where a small house party was invited to meet him. There was a large gathering to dinner on Saturday night, the Eastbourne Municipal Orchestra playing during the meal, and on Sunday the Prince accompanied his host and hostess to church, the afternoon being spent in inspecting the Duke's new stud farm at Polegate. The Princess of Wales stayed in town, and went to the opera with the Duchess of Fife on Saturday evening. Returning to town on Monday the Prince next day received a deputation from the Royal College of Surgeons, who presented him with the Diploma of Hon. Fellowship of the College. Later in the day the Prince and Princess of Wales went to Golder's Hill, Hampstead, the late Sir Spencer Wells's residence, which has been temporarily converted into a Convalescent Home for wounded soldiers of the Household Brigade. On Thursday the Prince was to be present at the Festival Dinner of the Royal College of Surgeons, while yesterday (Friday) the Prince and Princess intended to receive the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the League of Mercy, besides a number of nurses, at a garden-party in the Marlborough House grounds. Princess Victoria has again been staying in Cumberland with Sir Richard and Lady Musgrave at Eden Hall, Penrith.

The Duke and Duchess of York have spent this week in the Midlands. They left town on Saturday to stay with the Earl and Countess of Dartmouth at Patshull Park, which is just on the borders of Shropshire and Staffordshire. Built by Vanbrugh the handsome house, with its richly wooded park and beautiful gardens, came into the family through the grandfather of the present Earl. There are fine golf links in the Park, over which the Duke much enjoyed playing. From Patshull the Duke and Duchess went over to Wolverhampton, where they laid the foundation-stone of the Free Library and opened the new Infirmary attached to the Wolverhampton Orphanage. On Thursday they left for Trentham, while to-day (Saturday) they visit Leek to open the Educational Buildings erected on extension of the Nicholson Institute.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will be in Ireland till the autumn, when they go to Balmoral to stay with the Queen. The Duchess and her daughters are at their new country place, Castle Blaney, County Monaghan, whilst the Duke is busy in camp at the Curragh. He is going shortly to Cork, where the Duchess accompanies him, and also to Lough Swilly on official business. As usual in the autumn the Duke will witness some of the Continental Army manoeuvres, being invited by both the German and Austrian Emperors.

Our Persian guest, the Shah, is expected in England on August 8, but will not pay a lengthy visit. He will go to Osborne for an interview with the Queen, and also proposes to visit Lord Salisbury at Hatfield, while he is most anxious to see Manchester and Brighton. The Shah will be at the Naval Review on August 13.

Monarchs do not usually find much difficulty in getting a wife, but King Alexander of Serbia's wooing of various Princesses has proved so unsuccessful that His Majesty is at last contenting himself with a spouse of lesser degree. He is just engaged to one of his mother's late Ladies-in-Waiting—Madame Draga Maschin. The future Queen of Serbia belongs to an old noble family and is a widow.

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NOTICE.—Paris Office: 24, Cité Trevisé, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements and Electros should be addressed.

LONDON, BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. PARIS EXHIBITION FOR AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY. 11 DAY EXCURSIONS. Via Newhaven, Dieppe, and the Valley of the Seine. SATURDAY, August 4, from Victoria and London Bridge 10.0 a.m. (1 and 2 Class), and Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, August 3 to 6, from Victoria and London Bridge 8.50 p.m. (1, 2, and 3 Class). Fares 39s. 3d.; 29s. 3d.; 26s.

NORMANDY AND BRITANNY FOR AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY. CHEAP RETURN TICKETS. TO DIEPPE from London Bridge and Victoria, by Day or Night Service, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, August 3 to 6. Fare 24s.; 19s., available for return up to August 8. TO CAEN, from London Bridge and Victoria, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, August 2, 3, and 4. Fares, 30s., 25s., 15s. Returning within 14 days. Roads and Scenery recommended to Cyclists. Special Tickets including Bicycles issued. Full particulars of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

GOODWOOD RACES, JULY 31 AND AUGUST 1, 2, AND 3. Fast Trains London for Portsmouth, East Southsea, and the Isle of Wight every Weekday.

From	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Victoria	6 35	9 13	10 30	11 35	1 45	3 55	—	4 55 7 20
Kensington	6 5	8 40	10 13	11 13	1 25	3 40	—	4 25 6 53
London Bridge	6 45	9 30	10 25	11 35	1 50	4 0	4 55	5 0 7 25

\* Addision Road. The last Train runs to Portsmouth & Town only. SATURDAY, JULY 28, and MONDAY, JULY 30, SPECIAL TRAINS FROM VICTORIA, for Pulborough, Midhurst, Singleton, Arundel, Littlehampton, Bignor, Drayton, Chichester, Havant, East Southsea, and Portsmouth (for the Isle of Wight). See Programme. HORSES and CARRIAGES from Victoria for the above Stations will only be conveyed by Special Trains leaving Saturday, July 28, 7.45 a.m. and 7 p.m., and Monday, July 30, 6.40 a.m., 7.45 a.m., and 7 p.m.

SPECIAL TRAINS July 31, August 1, 2, and 3.	A	B	C	D
From	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Victoria	7 5	8 40	9 0	9 45
Kensington	7 10	8 50	9 5	—
London Bridge	7 10	1 45	—	9 40

\* Addision Road. A To Drayton and Chichester, Return Fares, 17s. 10d., 15s. 8d., 10s. 1d. B To Singleton, Third Class Return Fare, 10s. C To Drayton and Chichester, Return Fares, 1st Class, 20s.; 2nd Class, 15s. D To Drayton and Chichester, First Class only. Return Fare, 25s. Full Particulars of Superintendent of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.

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	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	X	X
London (Euston)										
Edinburgh (dep.)	5 15	7 10 10	0 11 30	2 0	7 45	8 0	8 50	9 0	11 50	
Glasgow (arr.)	3 50	5 50	6 30	7 55	10 30	—	—	6 50	7 50	
Glasgow (Cent.)	3 30	6 0	6 45	7 55	10 30	—	—	6 30	7 50	
Greenock	4 22	7 5	7 40	9 13	11 17	—	—	8 0	9 40	
Aberdeen	4 34	7 15	7 50	9 22	11 27	—	—	8 11	9 49	
Perth	4 3	—	—	—	4 45	8 45	—	11 55	2 5	
Inverness	5 30	—	8 0	—	12 20	4 45	5 20	—	8 6	9 10
Dunfermline	—	—	—	—	5 10	9 10	9 10	—	X	1 50
Dundee	7 15	—	8 40	—	1 5	6 30	—	9 37	9 45	
Aberdeen	9 5	—	10 15	—	3 0	7 15	—	X	11 25	
Perth	—	—	—	—	5 0	9 45	—	—	2 0	
Inverness	—	—	—	—	7 50	—	12 5	—	—	4 38

On Saturday nights the 9.0 and 11.50 p.m. trains from Euston do not convey passengers to stations marked \* (Sunday mornings in Scotland). A—On Saturdays passengers by the 2.0 p.m. train from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway. B—Passengers by the 7.45 p.m. from Euston will arrive at Inverness at 8.35 a.m. on July 21 to August 11. This Train does not run on Saturday nights. C—The Night Express leaving Euston at 8.0 p.m. will run every night (except Saturdays). D—During September only. E—Arrives Inverness 9.10 a.m. from the 2nd to the 14th July, and during September. F—Runs only during Her Majesty's stay at Balmoral. X—Passengers for Inverness and Aberdeen must leave London by the 9.0 p.m. train on Saturday nights. The 11.50 p.m. has no connection to those Stations on that night. A Special Train will leave Euston (Saturdays and Sundays, and Friday August 3 excepted) at 6.20 p.m., up to August 11, inclusive, for the conveyance of horses and private carriages to all parts of Scotland. A special carriage for the conveyance of dogs will be attached to this train. For further particulars see the Companies' Time Tables, Guides, and Notices. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager L. & N.W. Railway. W. PATRICK, General Manager Caledonian Railway. July, 1900.

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LYCEUM.—Last Night of the Season, Saturday, July 28. ROBESPIERRE, Act III., NANCE OLDFIELD, WATERLOO, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, Act IV. HENRY IRVING, Miss ELLEN TERRY.

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See THE SWIMMING ENTERTAINMENT, 5 and 10. SPANISH BULL FIGHT, 3.30 and 8.30. ZEO'S CRYSTAL MAZE and HAREM; STRANGE LADY, &c.

NOTICE.—The First Annual GAMEKEEPERS' DOG SHOW will be held July 31 and August 1 and 2. No Extra Charge and All Entertainments as Usual.

LONDON HIPPODROME, CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C. Managing Director, Mr. H. E. MOSS. TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m. AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, 1900. EARL'S COURT. IMRE KIRALFY, Director-General. ADMISSION DAILY, 1s. Open 11 to 11. An International Exhibition of Women's Work and Progress in Fine Arts, &c. The Band of the Grenadier Guards. THE MAINE LADIES' NAVY ORCHESTRA. THE SWEDISH HUSSAR LADIES' BAND. IN THE EMPRESS THEATRE. IMRE KIRALFY'S Brilliant Realisation of the Homes, Life, Work, and Pastimes of the WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS.

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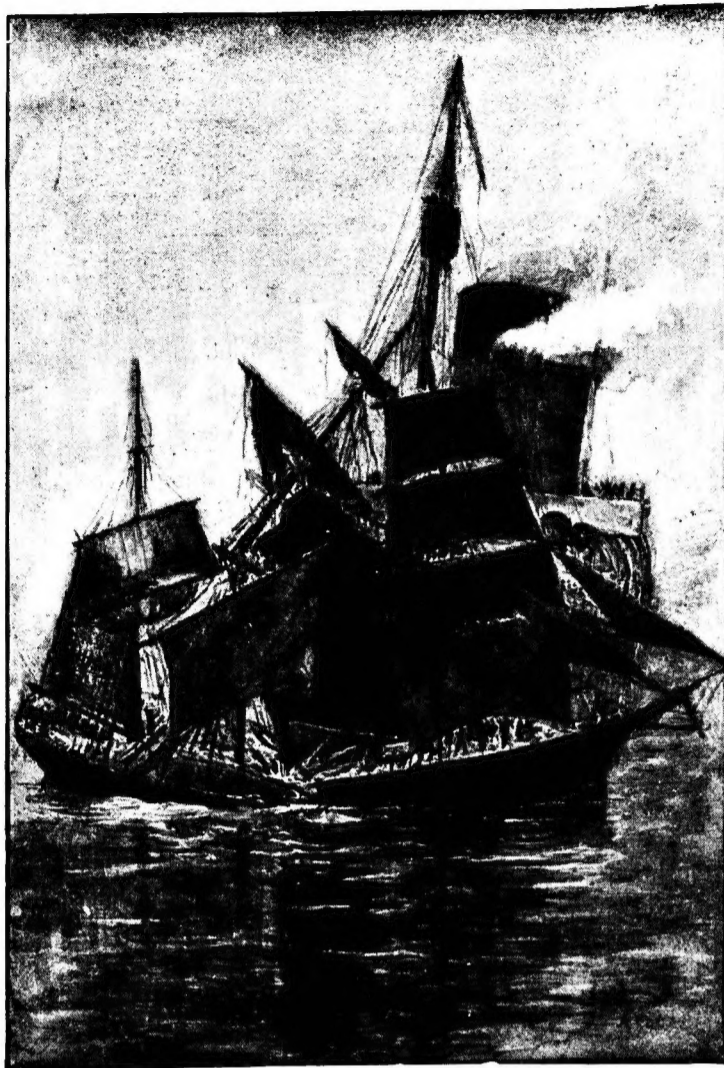
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## Liner in Collision

THE Cunard liner *Campania*, which was somewhat overdue, arrived at Liverpool on Saturday evening from New York, and brought tidings of a disastrous collision in the Channel with a barque. The barque sank and eleven lives were lost. It seems that about nine o'clock on Saturday morning the *Campania* was approaching Holyhead at what is described as "dead slow" speed, rendered necessary in consequence of the prevailing fog. When she was twenty-six miles north-west of the Tuscar, she came into contact with what was afterwards found to be the Liverpool iron barque *Embleton*. Prior to the collision not a sound had been heard of any approaching vessel, and owing to the fog none could be seen. Realising from the cries which arose from the sea on either side of the *Campania* that something terrible had happened, Captain Walker, her commander, promptly ordered out his boats. In a very few minutes after the collision two fully manned boats were lowered and soon picked up seven men. These were hoisted on board the *Campania* and were carefully attended to. From the story that the survivors had to tell, it seems that the barque was struck by the *Campania* almost amidships and cut into halves, the fore part sinking on one side of the *Campania* and the after part going down on the other side. Three minutes elapsed between the moment of the impact and the foundering of the barque. Some of the crew of the *Embleton*, who numbered eighteen all told, flung themselves into the water, and managed to keep afloat until picked up by the boats of the *Campania*. A protracted search was made by the crews of the liner's boats for further survivors, but without result. The seven survivors of the barque's crew were W. R. Williamson, chief officer; Passmore, A.B.; Henry G. Manns, second mate; Lorenzo Grinenez, A.B.; Alfred George and William Snow, apprentices. A collection, which realised 691*l.*, was made among the saloon and second-cabin passengers of the *Campania* on behalf of the shipwrecked men and the families of those who were drowned. Our illustration is drawn by A. Cox from materials supplied by an eye-witness.



THE CUNARD LINER "CAMPANIA" RUNNING DOWN THE BARQUE "EMBLETON"  
THE COLLISION IN THE IRISH CHANNEL

## The Shah's Visit to England

By JOHN FOSTER FRASER

THIS summer the Shah of Persia, Muzaffir-ed-Din, the King of Kings, Light of the Sun, will visit England as the guest of Her Majesty. The Shah will not dazzle with the Oriental splendour his father, Nasr-ed-Din, was so fond of displaying. The new King of Kings does not like gorgeousness. The last time I saw him he was wearing an old pea-jacket, a pair of Scotch tweed trousers, decidedly short in the leg, so that his white stockings showed plainly, and he was busy taking photographs of a group of conjurers. That was in the grounds of the palace at Teheran. He delights getting his hands dirty resetting plants in his garden. But his great hobby is photography. He loves taking photographs. He has even photographed English ladies and kept his head under the black cloth for ten minutes gazing at them through the lens, for it would have been rude to have openly stared. He keeps a man on the premises, whose duty it is to photograph the Shah on all occasions. His Majesty has in his wardrobe a collection of European garments, and he loves to get into these and have his picture taken as a Swiss mountaineer, or a German artilleryman, or a French Chasseur, or an English curate. Yes, one afternoon when I was looking over the collection of photographs I actually saw one of the Centre of the Universe, the Sublime Sovereign whose Standard is the Sun, garbed like a curate!

He is an amiable man is the Shah, but big and heavy and drowsy; his lips purse and his eyes are dull and leaden. He is good-natured, has no bloodthirstiness, takes life phlegmatically, and would rather let a man off than inflict punishment. Some hill robbers were brought before him. Death was their punishment. But the Shah heard their story; he was sorry for their hardships and he let them go. He lacks the decisiveness of his elder brother, the Zil-i-Sultan, Governor of Ispahan. The Zil is the strongest man in Persia, and the reason he is not on the Throne of Darius is that he lacked royal



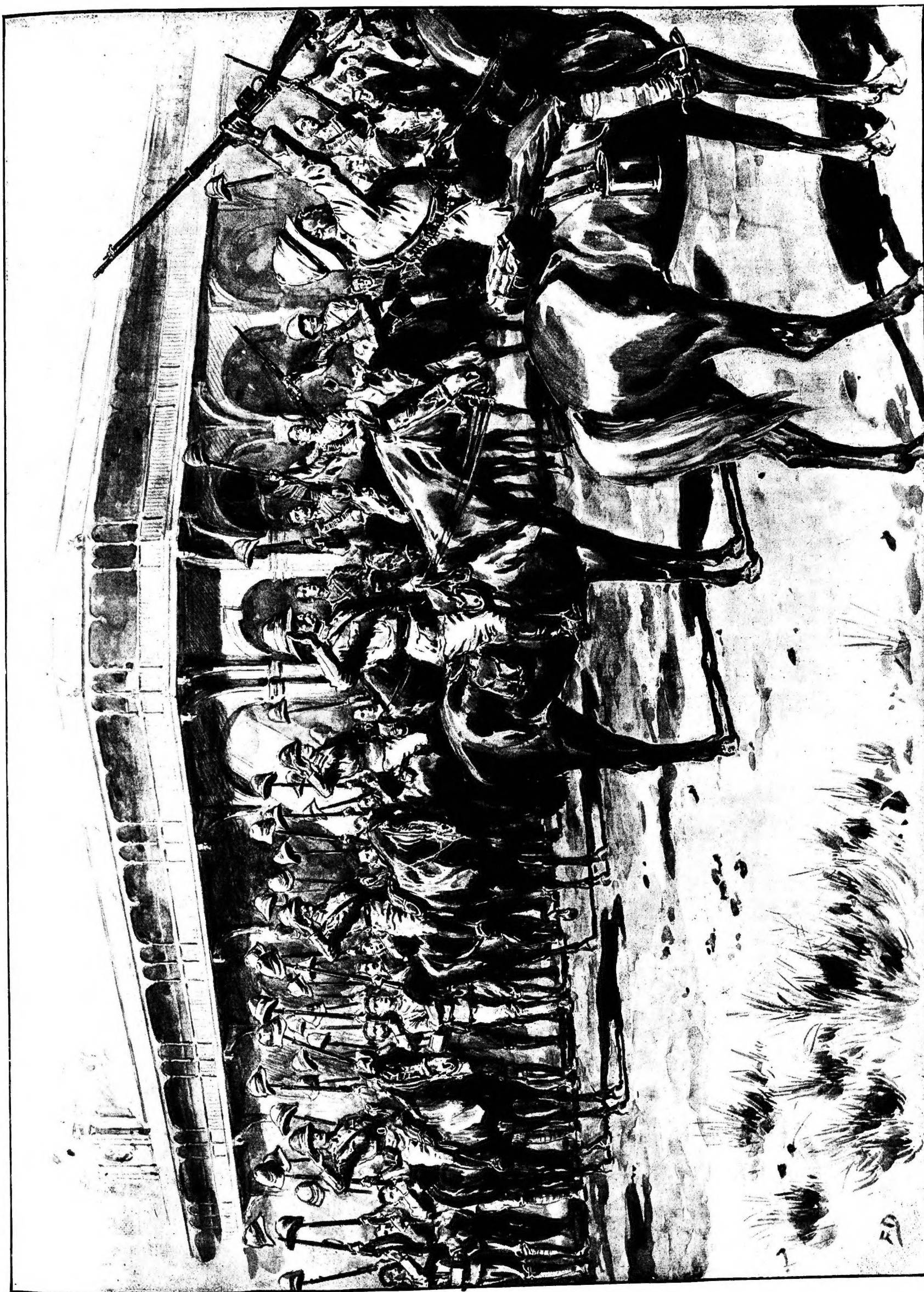
DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM A SKETCH BY C. W. COLE, FLEET PAYMASTER, R.N.

When there is a storm in the East the missionaries are always criticised, sometimes for lack of zeal, sometimes for misguided zeal or want of tact. "It is strange, though," writes a naval correspondent, "how little the naval officer sees of missionaries and their work. This sketch, however, shows one branch of their work, namely, teaching the young idea. The girls, when seen on this occasion, looked happy and

demure, and were daintily dressed, either in pale pinks, blues, and primrose silks, or in those cheaper thin textures which the Chinese seem to possess the secret of washing. They had fresh roses round their hair 'knobs,' and as they trippingly bobbed along, in spite of their demure, not to say severe, guardian, they made a pretty and idyllic picture—their feet were not pinched."

GIRL PUPILS FROM A MISSION SCHOOL AT AMOY TAKING THEIR DAILY WALK



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

One of the most notable occasions of the war was the entry of the British troops into Johannesburg, the commercial capital of the Transvaal. Soon after ten o'clock Lord Roberts with his staff moved on to the town, followed by the Guards and Stephenson's Brigade. From the flagstaff in front of the Court-house the Vierkleur was still flying. Lord Roberts, on his arrival, led the way to a room inside the Court-house. There he made a short speech,

formally accepting the surrender of the town, and requesting all the officials to continue the exercise of their functions until further orders. In this the officials acquiesced. These formalities over, Lord Roberts left the building and remounted his charger, and the next ceremony was the hauling down of the Transvaal flag. A short interval now occurred. Lord Roberts was awaiting the arrival of the Guards. In a few minutes the

sound of the drums and fife was heard, and General Pole-Carew was seen approaching at the head of his men. The Guards advanced, halted and saluted. At the same moment the flag worked by Lady Roberts was hauled up to the top of the flagstaff, where a few minutes before the Vierkleur had waved, and Lord Roberts saluted it while the troops cheered enthusiastically. Then the fife played the National Anthem.

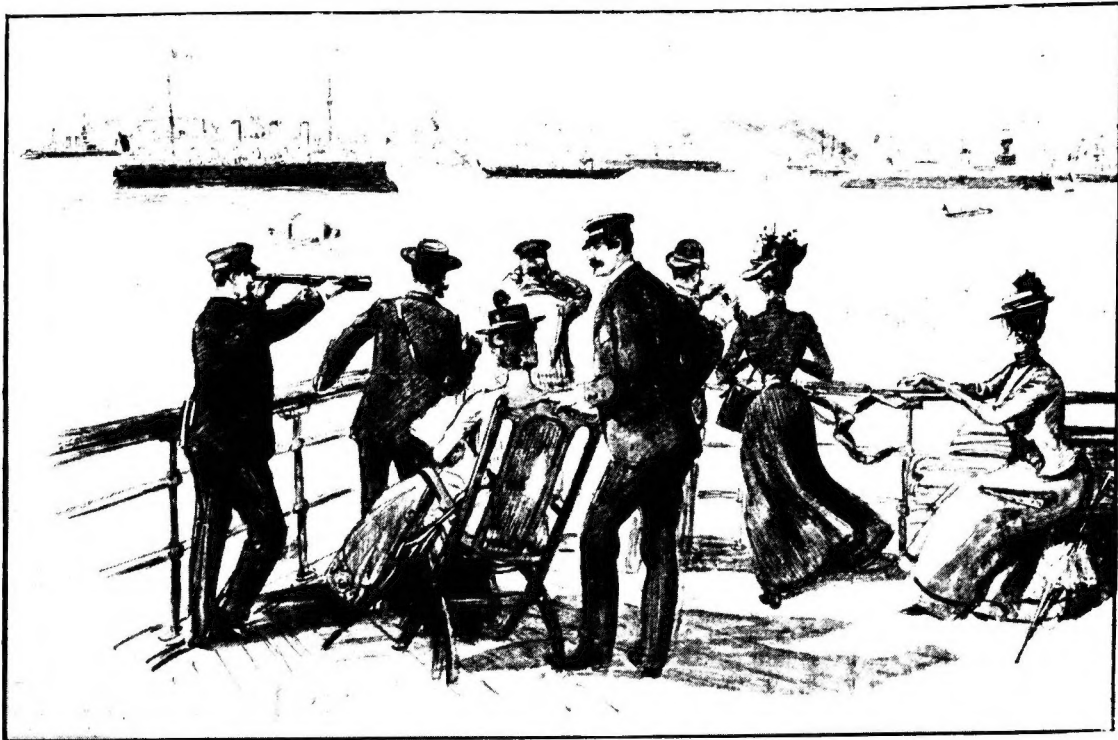
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST-CORRESPONDENT, G. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.

THE OCCUPATION OF JOHANNESBURG, MAY 31, 1900: LORD ROBERTS SALUTING THE FLAG

*Bouvet*,  
Admiral Gervais' Flagship

The President's boat,  
*L'Élan*

*Dupuy de Lôme*



The great Naval Review at Cherbourg was held in perfect weather, and the scene in the roadstead, with the seven lines of men-of-war—numbering forty-four in all—was superb. M. Loubet reviewed the fleet from the little despatch-boat *Élan*, steaming for twelve miles backwards and forwards, and finally running alongside the *Bouvet*. Here Admiral Gervais received the President, who proceeded to bestow decorations upon the officers. The President subsequently gave a State banquet. The view in our illustration is from the upper deck of the Transatlantic liner, *La Touraine*

THE GREAT FRENCH NAVAL REVIEW AT CHERBOURG

DRAWN BY "MARS"

blood on his mother's side. Since he has been Governor, he has brought Central Persia, which was a region of lawlessness and brigandage, under the terror of his name. When a baker makes bad bread he has him thrown into the oven.

Muzaffir-ed-Din was Governor of Tavis, in the north, before he became Shah. Tavis is flooded with Russian goods, and the principal traders are Armenians. His sympathies, as he came in contact with so many Russians at Tavis, were pro-Russian and anti-British. Three years ago, when I was in Teheran, he had no wish to visit England, but he was very desirous of seeing India.

The *anderun*, or harem, of the Shah is singularly small for an Eastern potentate. When Nasr-ed-Din died there were 1,760 ladies in the harem. I have been told the Shah has only some sixty ladies in it. Being a strict Mahomedan, he never touches wine, though his father usually had his bottle of port after dinner.

The Shah has a great admiration for our Queen. He cannot grasp, however, how a great Empire can be ruled by a woman, and our form of constitutional government simply amazes him. He cannot understand there are men in the world who make laws and govern for honour and not for money. He knows his own government is

all bribery and corruption, and he frequently asks, "What would the Queen of England do in such-and-such a case?"

He is anything but covetous. Extortion from the poor by Governors of provinces is one of the few things that rouses him out of his customary lethargy. He is always anxious to know what European countries think of him. His own acquaintance with European politics is chiefly got from translations of French papers. He speaks only a few words of French, but Russian he knows quite well.

If the Shah, when he visits this country, is dragged from town to town seeing manufacturing which he doesn't understand he will be bored. But a good military review will impress him. Above all, let some one with big deer forests in Scotland invite him out shooting. He is a fine sportsman. That is because he is a Kajar and not a Persian as some people think. Though slow and unwieldy of walk, he loves to get into the hills, dressed roughly, and hunt for panthers and wild sheep. Probably he is the finest shot in Persia. Just this moment I have looked at a Persian coin, as big as a penny, in a drawer of my desk. It has a bullet hole right through the centre, caused by a shot from the Shah's gun while it was thrown in the air. He can drive a hole through a flying penny five times out of six.



If there is one thing more than another which has hitherto distinguished the Sandown meeting it has been the rigid adherence on the part of the men to the frock coat and top hat, but the sultry weather which we have been experiencing resulted in a very sensible edict sanctioning the use of straw hats and flannels or any form of comfortable attire. It was curious to notice how differently the men had translated that edict. One man was dressed in a white linen suit. A dark blue and white striped flannel suit, with a wide-brimmed linen hat and a Guards ribbon band, looked well and unconventional. Another wore a black felt Ladysmith hat, like a miniature inverted beehive, a blue shirt, and grey tweed coat. Green flannel suits with lines of dull red or cream colour were worn with straw sailor hats, blue serge suits and soft felt hats. Indeed, though the translation of the emancipation order was a free one, it cannot be said that the meeting suffered from it at all. It was noticeable that the servants on many of the carriages wore straw hats with their liveries

STRAW HATS AT SANDOWN: A NOVEL SIGHT

# "Place aux James"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE one topic of the week has been the tropical heat. After the things that concern us most nearly are those that leave the deepest impression on our minds, and heat affects everybody. When it comes we are invariably unprepared, and it takes some time before we can adjust our lives to circumstances. To begin with dress: the usual tussle has been going on about the top hat and frock coat. The average Englishman cannot understand why clothing should vary according to the season; the women, on the contrary, hail summer as an opportunity for wearing pretty diaphanous garments. But even they go out in the heat of the day with a toque affording no shelter to eyes or brain, and use the transparent of white parasols.

Then, as to food. At what hotel or restaurant do you find ice in the quantities required? Fruit, indeed, appears to be a luxury no English housekeeper reckons with. Dessert, the accompaniment to the simplest foreign dinner, is here only on the tables of the rich. Never at the *table d'hôte* of a restaurant unless a fabulous price be paid for it. Yet fruit is plentiful that a glut in the market has been going on recently of strawberries and gooseberries, while the same is shortly expected in plums.

Drinks, of course, do vary with climatic conditions, and ginger soda-water, and lemonade, have long been popular favourites. The iced water, the iced drinks of America, and the *grasseille* of the Frenchman still make but rare appearances. Iced water is so easy to obtain by keeping one of those porous balls so popular in Egypt, on one's sideboard. The usual tepid water bottle should be persistently ignored. Water-drinking is a healthy and wholesome and excellent habit to be ignored or discarded. Some people keep always a bottle of Malvern water in their rooms, but that does not retain the delicious coolness of the pure Oriental water jar.

The Burman women are said to be the brightest and happiest women in the world, independent, energetic and excellent in business. But the whole ideal of Burman life seems founded on an admirable basis to judge from a book just published. Here we are given the five Burman ideal stages of man, an example it would be well for us all to imitate. "First, the free and happy child, living a life of nature; then the school-boy, opening the stores of traditional wisdom; then the gallant, absorbed in acts of pleasing; then the staid man of substance, precise in expression, versed in ancient lore, and heard in the councils of the village council. Lastly, his ambition satisfied, founder or co-founder of a temple and school, the aged Burman relinquishes his work to his children, and spends the evening of his life in kindly intercourse, in study, and in devotion to his religion." Here, at last, the art of growing old gracefully is shown and admirably carried out.

Miss Millard's brilliant marriage ceremony formed a fitting pendant to that of Miss Clara Butt at Bristol. The time is now far past since actresses were despised and considered unwelcome to enter into polite society. The pendulum, indeed, has swung well with a vengeance, and now every detail of an actress's life, her dress, her habits and tastes, her opinions and her pets are of undue importance, and are greedily discussed by people who have no right to collect gossip and for whom the stage seems to possess some special glamour. Miss Millard wore the conventional white satin wedding dress, and looked as pretty in her snowy robes as she did as Princess Flavia in the *Prisoner of Zenda*. It carried one's mind years in memory to find a little grandchild of Lady Darnley officiating as tiny bridesmaid at the ceremony. Alas! there are still no successors to the gifted Marie's brilliant powers.

It is not often that foreign ladies of title condescend to school, yet I have just heard of one for girls in France kept a Marchioness, in which her daughters, extremely clever muses and painters, carry on much of the teaching. With all the importance attached by the French to the lighter arts and accomplishments, to dancing, singing, reciting, and acting, the wise house combines every kind of gymnastics, swimming, games, and athletics. In short, the Marquise de San Carlos de P... at her château of Dieudonné, seems to combine the best qualities of English and French instruction.

The Prince of Wales has been pleased to approve of a new style of breasted frock coat, suitable to the warm weather. Dress is as important a part in man's life as it does in woman's. Apparently to trifling variations in costume is attached as much interest as to our changes of fashion. At least that is what I learn from reading articles on men's dress in the sartorial papers, where I am told, that with straw hats hatbands and bows should be left off, that the brown leather belt is more popular than the coloured kerchief, that silver-grey flannel is the correct thing for jackets, that the river, that brown boots should be worn with this and with buckskin with ducks. Therefore, it is clear, men no more need despatch a woman for trying to match her parasol and her gown, her tie and her tie.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor provided her friends with a very pleasant and entertaining at Wyndham's Theatre last week. Though it was on one of the hottest days the theatre seemed quite cool, and the pretty, quaint play, with a fresh and original flavour about it, seemed to give as much pleasure to the excellent actors as to the audience. Creole life is an entirely unworked mine, and should afford many interesting subjects for clever and ambitious plays. Mrs. O'Connor proved herself as clever and witty a speaker as she is a writer.

## Russia and China in Manchuria

By ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN

THE news of attacks made by Chinese on certain Russian settlements in Manchuria and the Amur Province has aroused a good deal of interest in that little-known region; and in some quarters it is assumed that China has in effect declared war on Russia. This view, not discouraged at St. Petersburg, is at present an exaggerated one, for the conditions prevailing in Manchuria make it extremely probable that the present outbreak is largely due to local disaffection and to the brigands, who have always been so powerful a factor in Manchuria. Readers of "The 'Overland' to China" will remember many instances of this, and will also be familiar with the position and characteristics of the country, which is about six times the size of England and Wales, and watered by three splendid rivers.

From the year 1644, when the Manchus became the reigning dynasty at Peking, until the other day when the Russians practically acquired the country by skilful diplomacy, it formed part of the Chinese Empire, while retaining a sort of quasi-independence, as subject only to the Manchu monarch of China.

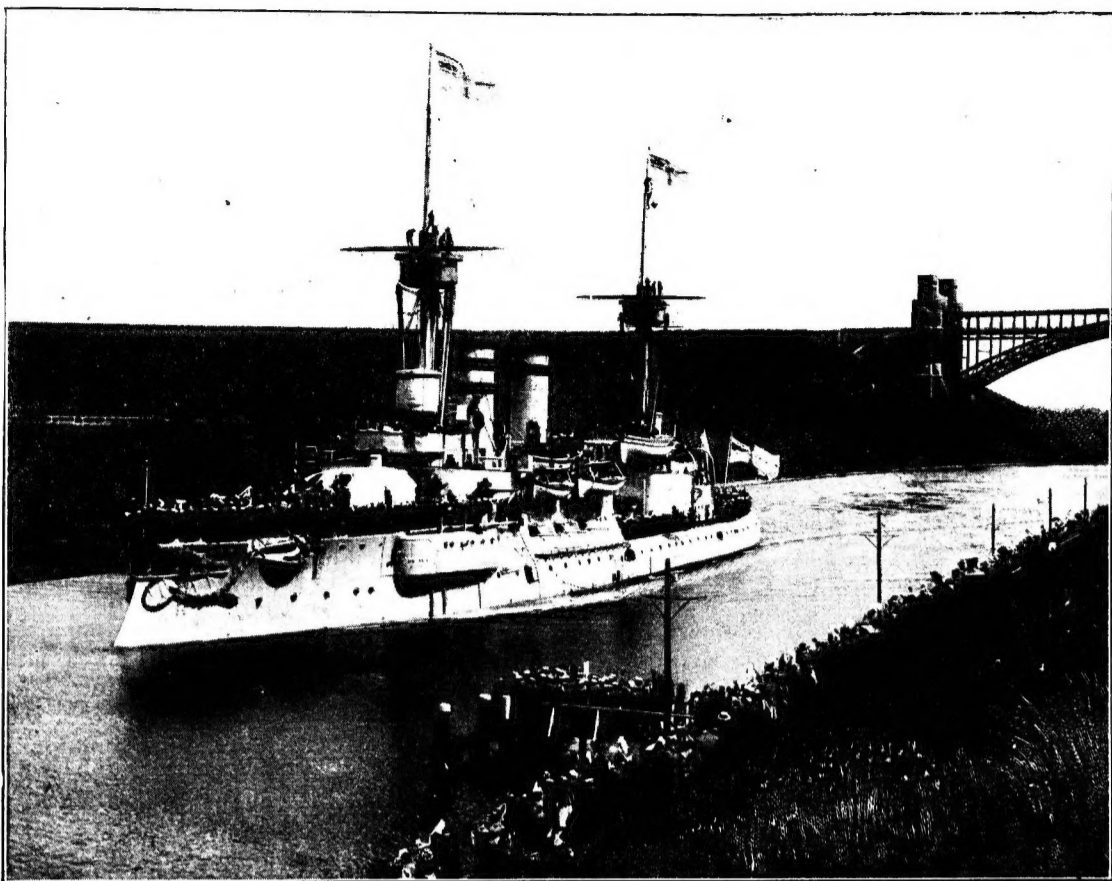
The conquest of Peking, and lately of China, by the Manchus, had a deleterious affect on their own country. They were from early times merely a military race, and had been accustomed to leave agriculture entirely to their women, while they made no attempt to trade. When in 1644 they were called in to restore order at Peking, after one of the periodic revolutions in that capital, and, having established themselves, refused to leave, their one and only idea of maintaining their position was by the establishment of a military dictatorship. From that time Manchuria was gradually drained of its male population in order to supply a standing army of Manchus in China. All the Court officials were recruited from Manchuria, and consequently that country was denuded of the *finer* part of its population. On the other hand swarms of refugee Chinese, criminals, ne'er-do-weels, and bankrupts, fled to Manchuria, where there was no law to pursue, and a fertile and hospitable country to support them. At the same time a large number of Chinese traders and agriculturists were attracted by the advantages of climate and position, and a constant stream of immigration was kept up, until, at the present day, the majority of the industrial and agricultural classes are purely Chinese. The bad characters who had made the country their Alsatia were ready enough, in the absence of law and order, to make a living out of the industry of their neighbours, and accordingly formed themselves into bands of robbers, levied toll on all traders, and became a terror to peaceful villages.

While the Manchus were busy subjugating China, their powerful neighbour, Russia, was casting covetous eyes on the rich country separated from them only by the Amur. Several incursions into Manchuria were made, and envoys sent to Peking, who were invariably treated by the Chinese monarch as "tribute bearers." At this period China always treated with Russia as the superior, which, indeed, she certainly was, both in wealth and civilisation, and in disputes about frontier the Manchu Emperor invariably got the better of the White Tsar. An attempt made by the latter to trade with the people of the Sungari basin led to active measures on the part of the Chinese Government, who mustered an army, defeated the Russians and put an end to their incursions, which were not renewed for a couple of centuries.

Russia, however, waxed stronger, and the Manchu dynasty became weaker and more corrupt. Manchuria was the happy hunting-ground of brigands, trade was neglected and the people oppressed. In 1858 Mouravieff obtained for Russian subjects the right to navigate the Amur and its tributaries, which was followed up by the occupation of the Amur province, and in 1860, when China was *in extremis*, Peking being in the hands of Anglo-French forces, pressure was applied to the decadent Chinese Government, and a concession obtained of 600 miles of Manchurian sea-coast. This gave Russia what she had so long desired—ports on the Pacific littoral. Great opposition was made for some time, however, to the navigation of the Sungari, which continued until 1895, when, by the exertion of influence at Peking, an order was obtained commanding the Governor of the southern province of Manchuria to further the projects of Russian traders. This advantage was followed in 1897 by the concession of the right to build railways and station troops throughout the country—everything about the railways being Russian except the figurehead in the form of a Chinese president—and by the leasing to Russia of Port Arthur and Talienwan.

The most important feature in the Russian settlement of Manchuria was the rapid construction of railway lines in connection with the Trans-Siberian Railway, intended to provide through communication from Moscow to Port Arthur, on the China Sea, and to Vladivostok, on the Pacific. The railway from Europe is practically completed as far as Stretensk on the Upper Amur, whence there is water communication to Khabarovsk, and thence rail to Vladivostok. From Port Arthur the line is completed to a short distance north of Moukden, the ancient capital of Manchuria and the sacred city of the Manchus. From this point to the Amur River, and from the centre of Manchuria to Vladivostok the line is still under construction.

Railway work in Manchuria is largely done by Cossack settlers, with great numbers of Chinese coolies, who have taken service with Russia for the unskilled labour. The most strenuous efforts have



The departure of the German East Asiatic Squadron from Kiel was witnessed by the Emperor and Prince Henry, as well as by thousands of spectators, who cheered lustily as the ships passed. On the day before the squadron sailed the Kaiser, in addressing the men, said:—"Yours is the first division of armoured ships which I send abroad. Remember, you will have to fight a cunning foe provided with modern weapons. Avenge German blood which has flowed, but spare women and children! I shall not rest until China is subdued and all bloody deeds are avenged. You will fight together with troops of various nationalities. See that you always maintain a good comradeship with them." In our illustration, which is from a photograph by Brenez, Hamburg, the *Brandenburg* is shown passing down the North Sea Canal.

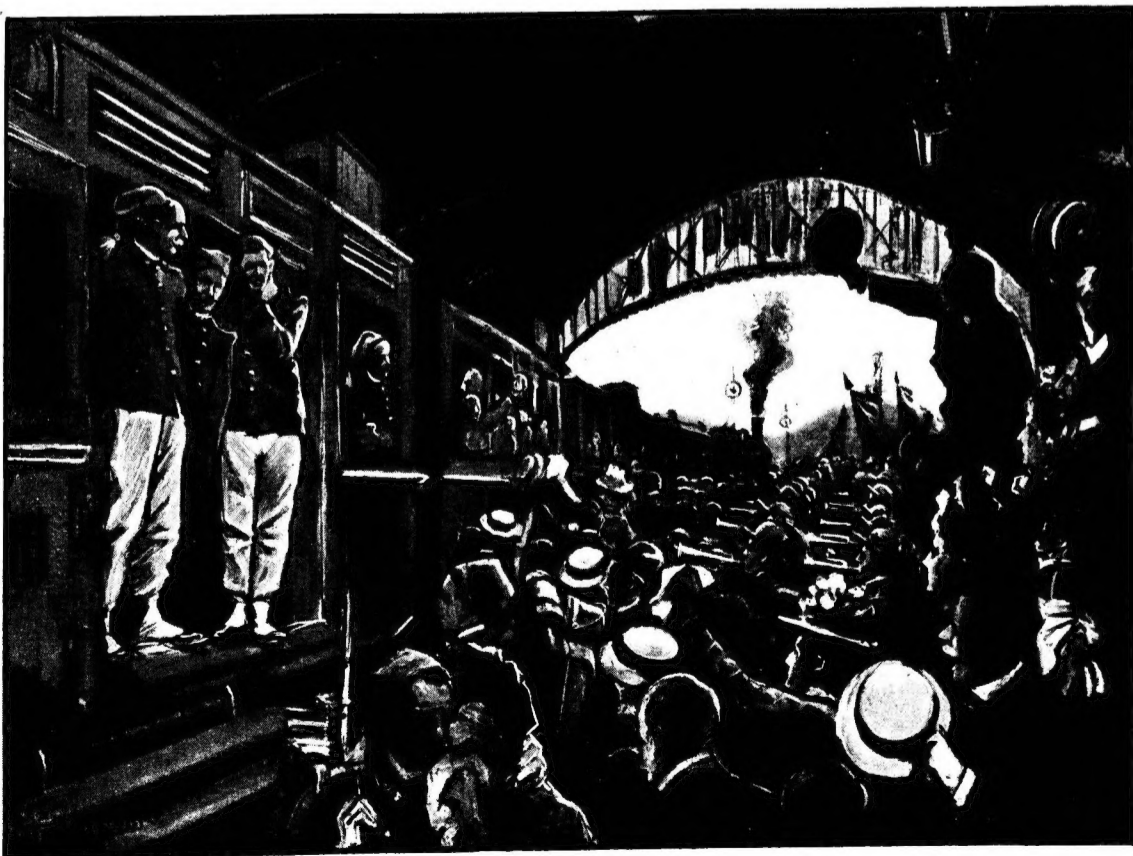
### GERMAN REINFORCEMENTS FOR CHINA LEAVING KIEL

been made to complete the lines, and the physical difficulties have not been great. Considerable opposition has had to be met, however, from the superstition of the people, who attribute geomantic influences to every hill, valley, or stream, and object to any cuttings, or alterations in the configuration of the country, on the ground that it will "disturb the dragon's bones," or "open the dragon's veins"—in their eyes terrible calamities.

The advent of Russian enterprise by no means put an end to brigandage in Manchuria, and for the protection of the labourers the Russian Government have quartered Cossacks, in military settlements, all over the country. Collisions between these and the bands of robbers known as *Hougus* have been frequent, and have not always ended favourably to the former. The merchants, who desire to convoy their goods safely to the interior, have had great difficulties to contend with, and can hardly resent the interference of Russia, which gives them a certain amount of security. The thin population of the Amur and coast provinces, and of many parts of

Manchuria, however, makes it difficult to stamp out the brigands, who have displayed great audacity even quite recently in their attacks, not only on villages and small towns, but on bands of Cossacks. No doubt, in the present crisis, they have seen an opportunity for extending their operations, but although many of the riff-raff of the population, and even some of the Imperial troops, will make common cause with the brigands, it is by no means a foregone conclusion that China is openly declaring war with Russia because Blagovestchensk is attacked, and some of the unimportant Cossack posts along the railway line are destroyed.

Meanwhile Russia is making good use of her Trans-Siberian Railway, and is practically refuting the contentions of those who deny its strategic importance by pouring large numbers of men and officers along the line; and, although far from complete at present, there is no doubt that Russia has every reason to congratulate herself on the foresight which has enabled her to reach this far-away corner of her Empire in as many days as it would have originally taken weeks.



DRAWN BY A. BIANCHINI

All Rome celebrated the departure of a draft of the 5th Bersaglieri for Naples, en route for China, by a demonstration of enthusiasm unparalleled during recent years. A crowd estimated at 200,000 persons lined the route from the barracks to the station, filling the air with patriotic cries and overwhelming the soldiers with gifts and expressions of affection. Signor Saracco, the Premier, watched the spectacle from the balcony of his house. The scene at the departure of the train even surpassed in enthusiasm that along the route.

### ITALIAN REINFORCEMENTS FOR CHINA: BERSAGLIERI LEAVING ROME



SONG TO THE  
POST



A POPULAR VICTORY  
FRANK CRAIG  
1904

Despite the heat people arrived in numbers to witness the decision of the Eclipse Stakes, and the crowd was the largest which has been seen at any enclosure this year—Bank Holiday fixtures alone excepted. The Prince of Wales arrived on the scene early in the afternoon, accompanied by the Princess, and also by the Duke of York. A Royal standard floated at the staff hard by the select enclosure, and hopes in favour of the Derby winner ran high. The issue of the race for the Eclipse Stakes was never

really in doubt, for the Prince's jockey rode with admirable judgment and won, amid great applause, by half a length. The Prince went to the weighing-room as his horse was brought back to scale, and the cheers were again most lustily renewed when the "all right" was called. In every way it was, indeed, a popular victory.

RACING AT SANDOWN PARK: DIAMOND JUBILEE WINS AGAIN

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG



DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. FOSTER FRASER

OUR COMING GUEST, MUZAFFIR-ED-DIN, SHAH OF PERSIA

## The Crisis in China

By CHARLES LOWE

### A Ray of Hope

THE Dean of St. Paul's did well, in deference to public opinion, to postpone the memorial service for the victims of the "Peking massacre," which he and his chapter had fixed for Monday last, seeing that it had not yet been placed beyond all possible doubt that the alleged massacre had actually taken place. For more than a week—ever, in fact, since the announcement by the Governor of Shantung, on the strength of a message from Peking, that "massacre followed; no foreigner left alive," Europe and America were lost in controversy and contradictions on the subject; and it was through America that Europe derived its first encouraging ray of hope—a ray which must either expand into a sun of certainty, or prove a will-o'-the-wisp leading into a slough of despond. The ray of hope referred to took the form of what professed to be a cypher telegram from Minister Conger at Peking to his Government, in reply to one which had been forwarded to him through the Chinese Ambassador at Washington, by way of testing whether he was alive or dead. This test telegram of inquiry was dated 11th inst., several days after the alleged massacre, and the Governor of Shantung, through whom it had been sent, stated in response that he had received assurance from the Tsung-Li-Yamen itself that "the State Department's telegram had been handed to Minister Conger," and that this was his reply, dated 18th inst.:—"In British Legation, under continued shot and shell from Chinese troops. Quick relief can only prevent a general massacre." Now, it was beyond all doubt that this message had been written and coded by Mr. Conger himself. The only question was whether it had been penned on the day of its despatch, or whether it was a message which had been written just before the alleged massacre and detained by those in power at Peking to be now palmed off as a convenient response to the urgent inquiry from Washington.

### A Chinese Puzzle

There were several strong reasons for suspecting that the State Department at Washington had been made the victim of Chinese hocus-pocus and hanky-panky. For, first of all, if Mr. Conger were besieged in the shot-and-shell-pelted British Embassy, how was it possible for him to have got out such a message? Besides, a telegram dated 21st inst. from the Viceroy of Nanking to the Chinese Minister in London ran:—"In an Imperial Decree issued on the 22nd, Sixth Moon, i.e., July 18, to arrest and punish the criminals who murdered the German Minister, it was mentioned that fortunately the protection afforded by us to the other Ministers has been effective, and they are all safe." Now it will at once be seen that there is a glaring discrepancy between the Imperial decree here referred to and the Conger telegram. Both were dated the 18th inst., and are mutually destructive. If Mr. Conger, writing on that day, was telling the truth, then the Imperial decree was a deliberate lie. Asked by the British Consul-General how it was that a message from Peking with reference to the safety of the Diplomatic Corps had reached him in two days, seeing that there was no telegraphic communication with the capital and Shan'ung, the Governor of this place reported that the Tsung-li-Yamen forwarded its despatches by a messenger travelling at the rate of 200 miles a day (!). "I assure you," added the Governor, "that there is no telegraphic communication. I cannot explain why Her Majesty's Minister has not telegraphed, but I beg you not to be anxious, for the Ministers



SEÑOR DE COLOGAN  
Spanish Minister at Peking



MIDSHIPMAN ESDAILE  
Killed at Tientsin



HERR MUMM V. SCHWARZENSTEIN  
New German Minister to China

and others are all living and unharmed. Of this I have already had several reliable messages." On the top of this we have the famous Sheng, Director General of Railways, transmitting to the Chinese missions abroad the information from Peking, dated July 18 (date of the Conger telegram), that the "Tsung-li-Yamen deputed Wen Jui, an Under Secretary of Department, to see the foreign Ministers, and found everyone well, without missing any (the German Minister excepted). Yung Lu is going to memorialise the Throne to send them all under escort to Tientsin, in the hope that military operations will then be stopped."

### The Mystery of Li Hung Chang

In these words some were inclined to discover a key to the most perplexing "Chinese puzzle" that was ever before the world; a key which points, not to the massacre, but to the manacling, so to speak, of all the chiefs of mission at Peking, and which would fain lead us to believe that the Chinese have made, not a holocaust, but hostages of the foreign Ministers in their capital. The theory is not without a certain air of plausibility—the more so as Li Hung Chang himself has been summoned from Canton to Peking, ostensibly to reassure the Viceroyalty of Pe-chili, but, in reality (say the wisecracks), to treat with the Powers, as the ablest diplomatist in China, for the pacification of the Empire, and for the stemming of the tide of foreign invasion. And what logical leverage he would enjoy with such pledges of peace in his possession as the *personnel* of all the Diplomatic Corps!

On reaching Hong Kong, the wily old Chancellor was received in a manner which excited some astonishment—and even protest—a guard of honour being furnished him by the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. He proceeded at once to Government House, where he had a long interview with the Governor, Sir Henry Blake, with whom were General Gaselee, commanding the Anglo-Indian Contingent, and Major-General Gascoigne, commanding the Forces.

### Chinese Appeals to the Powers

The Governor made an earnest appeal to the Viceroy to return to Canton and remain there until the troubles in China should have been cleared away. Li, however, declared that he must obey the Imperial orders. After assuring the Governor that the Legations

were safe on the 8th inst., he proceeded on his way to Shanghai, where the Viceroy had a very much cooler reception, the foreign authorities refusing him an escort of Chinese soldiers, and none of the foreign officials going to the wharf to meet him, while the equally declined the Taotai's invitation to lunch in celebration of the Emperor's birthday, at which Li was expected to be present.

Notwithstanding Li Hung Chang's assurances, all we positively know, on the strength of a telegram from Sir Claude MacDonald, dated July 4, and forwarded from Tientsin on the 21st, that, so far from having been "safe" up to the date of his message, there have been 44 deaths and about double the number of wounded from the Chinese bombardment of the Embassy. Yet, it was added by Sir Claude, in his appeal for relief, that the garrison had provisions for at least a fortnight, which would carry it up to the 24th inst.; whereas, as was stated in the first accounts of the massacre on the 7th, the garrison had been unable to continue its resistance on account of the giving out of its supplies, which is another glaring contradiction.

Meanwhile, pending the maturing of Li Hung Chang's mission to the North—whatever it may be—the Emperor of China addressed an appeal for mediation to the French Government, which replied that its response would be addressed to the French Legation in Peking, on its being assured that its Representative was safe. There was nothing in this mysterious telegram to show whether it emanated from Kwang-Su or from the usurper Prince Tuan, but that the former was its author may be inferred from another appeal of the same kind to the Mikado which was signed by Kwang-Su—an appeal for assistance as well as mediation, which, as the Mikado at once replied, could only be entertained by him "on condition that your Majesty's Government immediately suppress the insurrection, and deliver the Foreign Representatives from their painful position. A similar appeal to the German Emperor was spiritedly declined by Count Bilow as unfit for His Majesty's eyes "until the fate of the foreign Ministers and other foreigners shut up in Peking is cleared up, and the Chinese Government has made atonement for the atrocious murder of the Imperial Minister, and offered adequate guarantees for future behaviour in conformity with International law and civilisation;" while to another appeal of the same kind at Washington, President McKinley replied in less breezy but equally vigorous terms by insisting on conditions precedent. Meanwhile the Allies are not allowing themselves to be haltered with and put off by all those fair words from Chinese officials. They are straining every nerve to get their respective contingents landed at Taku and elsewhere for an advance on Peking.

### A Diplomatic Fiction

Tientsin, anyhow, is now entirely in the power of the Allies, whose complete victory, however, cost their united force about 8,000 men considerably over 700 in killed and wounded, and of these casualties nearly a sixth fell to the lot of British, and after its capture the city was looted. Notwithstanding the battle and capture of Tientsin, none of the Powers have yet declared themselves to be in a state of war with China, the diplomatic fiction being that they are merely fighting their way to Peking to protect their imperilled Legations—note Russia, which admits the existence of regular hostilities in the region of the Amur, embracing the towns of Blagoveschensk, Khabarov and Vladivostok.

Midshipman Frank S. D. Esdaille, of H.M.S. *Barfleur*, who from wounds received at Tientsin, joined the Navy as a cadet September, 1897, and became midshipman in January, 1898.

Señor de Cologan, Spanish Minister at Peking (writes a correspondent), came of an old Irish family, which, exiled from Ireland after the Battle of the Boyne, migrated to Spain, and finally settled at Tenerife. Señor de Cologan commenced his diplomatic career at Athens, and served at Constantinople, Mexico and Caracas. In several years he was Minister at Bogota, and finally, in 1894, was appointed Minister at Peking, where, at the time of the disturbances, he was the senior of the Diplomatic Corps, and represented the foreign Powers in their negotiations with the Chinese Government. Tall, and of handsome appearance, Señor de Cologan was an able diplomatist, an accomplished gentleman and a good linguist. Among other languages he spoke English fluently. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The appointment of the German Minister to Luxemburg, Freiherr Mumm von Schwarzenstein, as German Minister to China, shows that Germany has not yet severed diplomatic relations with the Middle Kingdom. Freiherr Mumm von Schwarzenstein comes of a well-known patrician family of Frankfurt. He began his diplomatic career as an attaché to the Embassy in Paris. In 1888 he went to Washington as Secretary of Legation, and four years later was transferred to Bucharest. Two years ago he again proceeded to Washington to act as Chargé d'Affaires during the absence of the German Ambassador, Dr. von Holleben. He has also for several years occupied an important position in the German Foreign Office.



The building was originally one of the detached reception-rooms belonging to the Prince's Palace, which was acquired for the Legation by the British Government in 1860. The picture shows the interior of the chapel as it was down to a very recent date. Situated in the centre of the compound undoubtedly it has shared in the general fate of the Legation buildings. The decorations and fittings were designed by Bishop Scott, and for the most part carried out under his personal supervision, the funds being found by members of the Legation. Although the chapel is Crown property, and in the first place for members of the Legation, it was, of course, open to the English-speaking community. The United States Legation has always been represented in the congregation. Marriages of British subjects may be solemnised in this chapel; for each such marriage a fee of a sovereign has to be sent, nominally, to the Bishop of London. Two clergy of the S.P.G., who, of late, have been responsible for the services, the Reverends Frank Norris and Roland Allen, have, it is feared, perished in the massacre.

INTERIOR OF THE BRITISH LEGATION CHAPEL, PEKING

## Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

THERE are many in England who have lived long in China, have travelled much in that country, speak the language as correctly as they do their own, and have intimate friends who are important Chinese officials, and most of these are convinced that, should there be a massacre of the foreigners at Peking, some of the Europeans would be spared. The elementary principles of Western civilisation have been adopted in recent years by more Chinamen than is generally imagined, and, besides, the Chinese have many excellent qualities which those who have but a superficial acquaintance with the country ignore. It is to be hoped that these experts have formed an accurate estimate of the Chinese character.

It is noticeable that many officers who are titled or who possess large estates have recently returned to England. Anxious politicians discern in this a sure sign that the General Election is hovering over us, and is to swoop down upon the country in the immediate future. Even those who are—unofficially—in the closest touch with Ministers have until now been unable to ascertain with any approach at certainty whether the Government has come to a decision on this interesting matter. Few Cabinet secrets of this nature could long evade the fashionable Paul Prys. It is of the utmost social importance to them to obtain early possession of such an item of news, if only to prove to their intimate enemies that they are more behind the scenes than the latter imagined.

"Society" does not take life very seriously, with the exception of its pleasures. It was never foreseen that the war would be dragged out to such a length as it has, and the approach of the shooting season is seriously affecting the views of some. They are complaining of the Government, of the Generals, of the War Office, and of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Husband, sons, or brothers, had been cheerfully "lent" for a reasonable period, but it was never

contemplated that they would be retained in South Africa long enough to interfere with the country-house entertainments.

"Where are the coming men?" is a question which is continually asked when politicians meet who take an intelligent interest in interesting things. The eyes of the political prophets search the Benches of both the Government and the Opposition in vain. Were it to happen that the occupants of the two front Benches were destroyed in some disaster, who could worthily replace them? There has never been a time, perhaps, in our history when the House of Commons contained so few men of promise as now. How is that to be accounted for? There are those who say that the Minister of the future is to be a purely business man, such a one as would be chosen in commercial life to manage the affairs of a great company; the days of great speeches and of debating power are numbered. The subject bristles with points of interest; it would, however, be out of place to elaborate them here.

There is no reason to believe that the sun will change its spots, nor was there formerly any reason to believe that it would change the costume of the conventional-minded Englishman. The closing generations of the nineteenth century in England had been taught to keep London holy by wearing tall hats and frock coats throughout the season months. The Ten Commandments of conventionality have to be obeyed, for punishment is swift in this case. However, the sun has these two years past removed both the silk hat and the frock coat, and in their stead reign the straw hat and flannels. That is obviously the beginning of the end, for were it to happen that the silk hat and the frock coat became identified with middle-class respectability the days of these monstrosities would be numbered.

Many amiable masters and mistresses have this year given straw hats to their coachmen and grooms to wear when with the carriage on hot days. Their example is being rapidly copied, and it is to be hoped that all coachmen and grooms will soon be allowed to wear such hats when on duty under a blazing sun. Her Majesty has throughout her reign shown especial care for her servants, and her example in that matter has done much to improve the conditions of life in service in this country. It has now only to be known that it is hard to make servants accompany the carriage in tall hats and thick cloth livery for the humane to willingly alter those articles of dress.

## Our Portraits

GENERAL DE PELLIEUX figured very dramatically in the military conspiracy which worked so hard against the revision of the Dreyfus case. Occupying a high place in the military government of Paris, he threw himself early into the fray, and used all his influence to keep Dreyfus on the Devil's Island. He was the first to reveal the sensational document which was afterwards shown to have been forged by Henry. At the Zola trial and the Rennes Court-martial he gave evidence, and to the end he persisted in proclaiming not only the guilt of Dreyfus, but also the absolute innocence of Esterhazy. When the reaction took place, and the anti-Dreyfusards triumphed, General de Pellieux fell into disgrace, together with his coadjutors, Generals Roget and Gonse. He was sent to Quimper, the transference from a metropolitan to a provincial command being the reverse of a promotion.

Frederick Edward Gould Lambart, ninth Earl of Cavan and Viscount Kilcourse and tenth Baron Lambart and Baron Cavan, all in the peerage of Ireland, was the eldest son of the eighth Earl by Caroline Augusta, daughter of the first Lord Hatherton. Born in 1839, he was as Lord Kilcourse a lieutenant in the Navy, and served throughout the siege of Sebastopol. In 1856 he was present at the bombardment of Canton, and in 1858 he was with the forlorn hope at the attack on the Peiho forts. Lord Kilcourse was a strong Liberal, and unsuccessfully contested Taunton in 1882 and West Somerset in 1884. In 1885 he was returned for South Somerset, and continued to sit till 1892. For a few months, from January to July, 1886, he held office as Vice-Chamberlain of the Household. In the following year he succeeded to the earldom, but retained his seat in the House of Commons. In 1894 he was created a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick.

The Bishop of Marlborough, who has been nominated to the Deanery of Exeter, has only recently resigned the office of Suffragan Bishop for West London. Dr. Earle is seventy-two years of age, and his father, Mr. Henry Earle, was a well-known surgeon. He was educated at Eton and Hertford College, Oxford, of which he was Lusby Scholar, graduating in 1854. Bishop Temple made him a prebendary of Exeter, Archdeacon of Totnes, and examining

## Musical Notes

THE opera season will end next Monday, with Madame Melba in *Faust*. During the final few weeks of the season, however, the arrangements of the management have been more than once upset by the illness of artists. The greatest disappointment of all was the breakdown of M. Jean de Reszké. The Polish tenor has fought his utmost against fate, for he has been ill during the whole season. At first it seems he thought that it was merely rustiness of voice, for he had enjoyed a complete holiday for nearly a twelve-month. Before, however, he came to England he had taken cold, and this he has never been able to shake off. When he did appear it was obvious that his voice was very feeble; but he kept on in the hope of being able to sing last week at Windsor before the Queen, although this proved impossible. He then consulted Mr. Currice, of New York, and a slight nasal operation was performed, which, it was hoped, would give him relief. M. Jean de Reszké, however, finding himself unable to sing on either Thursday or Saturday last week, cancelled his engagement, and on Monday went to the Pyrenees.

Nothing has yet been decided concerning opera in the off season although Herr Angelo Neumann was expected in London towards the end of last week to discuss matters. Covent Garden will, however, be wanted not only for the Fancy Dress Balls, but also for the improvements in the stage arrangements, with hydraulic and other new stage machinery to be put in at the cost of 15,000*l*. This, of course, would not interfere with Mr. Neumann if he wished to hire the opera house for the autumn, as the alterations could easily be effected in the spring.

Forty-eight bands, or in all something like 1,200 performers, whose railway fares alone cost over 700*l*., assembled at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, under the conductorship of Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Manns, to compete for a thousand-guinea challenge cup, and afterwards to give a concert. It can hardly be said that the affair was a complete success. The bands, mainly composed of working men from the North and Midlands, usually perform in the open air, so that in the Crystal Palace they necessarily seemed



BISHOP ALFRED EARLE  
New Dean of Exeter



THE LATE EARL OF CAVAN.  
K.P., P.C.



THE LATE GENERAL PELLIEUX  
A Prominent Anti-Dreyfusard



THE REV. THOMAS ALLEN, D.D.  
New President of the Wesleyan Methodist  
Conference



MR. JOSEPH FARQUHARSON  
New A.R.A.

chaplain, and in 1888 nominated him to the Crown as a suitable suffragan for West London with the title of Bishop of Marlborough, Dr. Earle, who was by this time a canon residentiary of Exeter, became rector of St. Michael, Cornhill, in 1888, on the nomination of the Drapers' Company; and in 1896 Dr. Temple presented him to the rectory of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, in succession to the Rev. William Rogers. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Mr. Joseph Farquharson, the new A.R.A., was born in Edinburgh in 1846, and received his first instruction in drawing as a pupil of Mr. Peter Graham. In 1865, at the age of nineteen, he joined the classes of the Board of Manufactures, Royal Institution, Edinburgh. In these classes Mr. Farquharson studied chiefly from the antique, and in 1867 joined the life classes of the Royal Scottish Academy. Subsequently he removed to the south, and has since lived for many years at Migvie Lodge, Porchester Gardens. He was, it is said, only thirteen years old when his first picture was exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy, and since then he has been a constant exhibitor, principally at the Royal Academy. One of his landscapes, "A Joyless Winter Day," was bought for the Chantry collection in 1883, and is now in the Tate Gallery at Millbank. Our portrait is by Byrne, Richmond.

The new President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, the Rev. Thomas Allen, D.D., is sixty-three years of age. He received his education at Marbury, in Cheshire. His first attempts at public speaking were made in the home kitchen when the farmers for many miles round were wont to foregather. At the age of twenty he was accepted as a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry and sent to the Manchester College. Here he received his theological training under the late Dr. John Hannah and Dr. John D. Geden. On the completion of his college course he received an appointment to Aylesbury, when he quickly won a high reputation as a brilliant speaker and preacher. Subsequently he received appointments to Bramley, Leeds, Woodhouse Grove, Manchester, Bristol, Bolton, Sheffield, Southport and London. On his appointment to Sheffield he was elected Chairman of the district, an office which he held for six years. During a residence of six years in London he served under Dr. Gervase Smith as Secretary of the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund. On the retirement of Dr. Robert Newton Young from the Governorship of Handsworth College, Birmingham, in 1897, Mr. Allen was selected as his successor. Our portrait is by Draycott, Derby.

rather coarse. Also some grumbling seems to have been indulged in concerning the judges, who, although excellent musicians, were not all of them experts in brass-band music. In the result, at any rate, some of the "crack" bands were altogether unplaced, while the chief prizes were carried off by Denton Original Band and Black Dyke. In the evening some of the bands gave excellent performances under their own conductors, but the playing by the massed bands proved rather disappointing. For one thing the noise was overpowering, and for another they had not enjoyed the opportunity of a rehearsal, so that even in such entirely familiar music as "God Save the Queen" there was a slip, and Sir Arthur had to give the signal to start again. It was further unfortunate that after the announcement of the awards a large number of the losers at once deserted the orchestra and left the winners to play the rest of the programme by themselves. It is in fact pretty obvious that the competition scheme must be modified.

The concert season practically closed on Thursday, when the final orchestral performance was given by the Royal College students, the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music having a chamber concert at St. James's Hall on Tuesday. The past season has not been a good one, although there have been some brilliant exceptions. For example, the Richter concerts have done exceptionally well, while Herr Kubelik has attracted such large audiences that he has given recitals at an unusually rapid rate. The Philharmonic Society, it appears, have a small balance over expenses, thanks mainly to their final concert, when Queen's Hall was crammed to the last seat, owing to the announcement of M. Paderewski's only appearance in London this season. Herr Mottl and others who usually visit us do not give concerts this year. It is too soon to speak of next year, but in the course of the winter season we shall certainly have visits from Dr. Joachim and his quartet party from Berlin, from Herr Kubelik, and, we believe, also from M. Paderewski.

We much regret to announce the death of Miss Isabel Sullivan, the gifted authoress of numerous poems and, amongst others, of the verses "By Order of the Queen"—a new rendering of the "Wearing of the Green"—which was enthusiastically received at the St. Patrick's Day concert at the Albert Hall, and was republished in *The Graphic* on April 14. Miss Sullivan died at Dinan, at the residence of her father, Admiral T. B. M. Sullivan.



Lord Roberts's main body arrived on May 27 within eighteen miles of Johannesburg. The enemy had prepared several positions for defence but abandoned them one after the other as our men approached. They were followed so closely that they had only just time to entrain their five guns at Klip River as the West Australian Mounted Infantry dashed in. On the 29th there was some fighting outside Johannesburg,

which resulted in the town being completely surrounded. It surrendered next day, and on May 31, in the presence of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, the Dutch flag was hauled down and the British flag run up over the Government buildings.

### LORD ROBERTS AT JOHANNESBURG: HAULING DOWN THE VIERKLEUR

From a Photograph by Lionel James



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.

On May 29 the enemy were discovered barring the way to Roodepoort and Florida. A battle was fought at Doornkop, on ground which is historical as the scene of the Jameson disaster. The Boers were 6,000 strong with six guns and "Pom-Poms." The 21st Brigade advanced on Roodepoort in front, the City Imperial Volunteers in the centre, the Derbyshire Regiment on the left, and the Cameron Highlanders on the right. The Sussex Regiment, which were originally in reserve, were then skilfully moved, and soon afterwards the 19th Brigade (Canadians, Gordon Highlanders, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry) and the Shropshire Light Infantry in reserve, also advanced to take the main Boer position, while the 21st

Brigade acted as an outflanking force. The advance was gradual to the Boer position, which was a strong one, with many natural inequalities. The ground, besides, was blackened with grass fires, against which the khaki made an excellent mark. The Gordons carried the main position at the point of the bayonet. The City Imperial Volunteers cleared the enemy immediately in front of Roodepoort, the Boers making their final flight just as darkness was falling. The Boers evacuated the entire position at nightfall, and thus Johannesburg lay open to General Hamilton, who bivouacked on the ground taken.

### GENERAL HAMILTON'S ADVANCE ON JOHANNESBURG: THE DERBYSHIRES ATTACKING AT DOORNKOP



DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

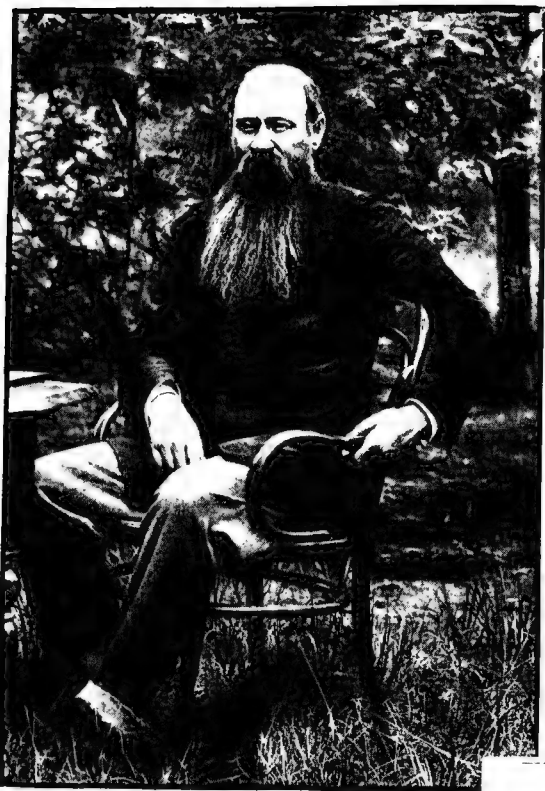
A Correspondent writes:—"That most holy place, the mess, is a square patch of shadow cast by a tarpaulin stretched between two waggons, so that the mess is not stationary—we follow the sun. In one corner of the shadow sits S—, also writing opposite me, and all round

us are the flies. With the first frost these disappear, and with these the fever. Ten yards off is the dishole where oil and ends, empty jam tins, bits of bread, &c., are thrown—a happy hunting-ground for the kaffirs: at this moment, with many furtive

glances at us, some of them are making a stealthy lunge. They come chiefly to carry away what they can get, but being unable to get it, they are gobbling up all sorts of filth."

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A BRITISH OFFICER

A HAPPY HUNTING-GROUND FOR THE KAFFIRS: AT THE OFFICERS' MESS, HYDE FARM, LADYSMITH



A Portrait taken in one of his recent Capitals  
EX-PRESIDENT STEYN



Mr. Devilliers   Mr. Warden   Mr. Steyn, Brother   Dr. Celliers   Mr. Fischer, Advocate   Ex-President Steyn  
Legal Adviser   Landrost   of the Ex-President   from Bloemfontein

EX-PRESIDENT STEYN AND SOME OF HIS SUPPORTERS

## The War in South Africa

THE past week has shown us, with some degree of painfulness, that there is a mystery of Pretoria as well as of Peking, or at any rate that the situation in South Africa is just as confused and unsatisfactory as it is in China. But the darkness of this confusion was fitfully illuminated by one or two painful incidents—chief of which was the capture of one of our supply trains with its escort of a hundred Highlanders to the north of Honingspruit in the Orange River Colony, and by the subsequent and similar cutting out of another such train as was reported, with the capture of 200 of the Welsh Fusiliers. The former mishap occurred on the 21st inst., and it is needless to add that the author of this other “unfortunate mishap” was the daring and ubiquitous De Wet, who might have given points even to Rob Roy in respect of raiding and rapidity of movement. De Wet was at last supposed to have been hemmed in, and this was how he took his cornering, by capturing one of our supply trains and once more cutting Lord Roberts’s rail and wire communications with Bloemfontein. As usual, of course, two cavalry brigades were started off in pursuit of him, but up to date their quest had not been reported as successful. The incident was a painful pendant to the disaster that overtook the Scots Greys and the Lincolns—for want of proper outpost service—at Ntatal’s Nek. To the west, also, of the

scene of De Wet’s latest exploit in guerilla warfare “fifteen hundred men, with five guns, managed to break through the

cordon formed by Generals Hunter and Rundle’s Divisions between Bethlehem and Ficksburg. They were making for Lindley, closely followed by Paget’s and Broadwood’s Brigades,” so that the “Sedanning” of the Free Staters does not seem to be so easy a matter as was expected. On the other hand, an attack on Pole-Carew’s position on Lord Roberts’s left flank proved a failure. “The enemy made repeated attempts to assault the position, coming up to close range and calling on the Royal Irish Fusiliers to surrender,” but eventually retreating with the loss of fifteen killed and fifty wounded. But there were signs that De Wet in the south was making a bolder attempt than ever to co-operate with his colleague Botha, or at least to harass and hang on the rear of Lord Roberts, and thus prevent him from advancing in force against the Boer Generalissimo in the desperate expectation, perhaps, that England’s complications in the Far East might still redound to his relief. For after capturing our Highlander-escorted supply train De Wet crossed the railway to the west, with the apparent intention of making his way up to the Vaal. Nevertheless, Lord Roberts continued to push strong portions of his army and that of Buller to the east and north—Stevenson occupying Elaan’s River, a position to the east of Pretoria on the railway to Bronkhorst Spruit, and Ian Hamilton taking possession of Dornkraal, while Clery, leaving the Pretoria-Natal line, has advanced several marches north-west of Standerton. To the west of Pretoria Standerton, as we were officially told, had been relieved, which was also also the first intimation which had been vouchsafed to us that this place was hard pressed—which is not perhaps very surprising in view of the fact that the war correspondents are now returning home in batches of fifteen at a time, which looks as if they thought that there is little more real fighting to be—nothing but vexatious guerilla warfare of the kind whereof De Wet has proved himself to be such a past master.—C. L.



General Lukas Meyer is one of the Boer Generals who was very prominent during the early stages of the war when Buller was fighting round Ladysmith, but of late he has not been much heard of. His wife is a niece of the late President Burgers. Our photograph, which is by Leo Weinthal, shows the General and his wife at their old lager in the Biggarsberg.

GENERAL LUKAS MEYER AND HIS WIFE



In the centre holding the bridle of a white horse is the clever guerilla chief who, though often hemmed in, is never caught, and has now gone north after cutting the British communications and capturing a hundred Highlanders

COMMANDANT DE WET AND SOME OF HIS OFFICERS

## China: The Long-Lived Empire

THE authoress of this the newest book on a country which is monopolising the attention of the civilised world has no love for the Chinese, though she has visited the country seven times within the last fifteen years, but no prejudices, no discomforts have stood in the way of producing one of the most illuminating and at the same time most fascinating books on the Middle Kingdom which it has even been our good fortune to meet with. Not merely is the country admirably described, but every characteristic of Chinese life is racyly dealt with, so that the reader is lured on through chapter after chapter with a growing understanding and appreciation of the extraordinary conditions of life in that wonderful country. The authoress has no great belief in the story that China is wholly breaking up. China has been an old country for forty centuries. It has broken up before, she says, quoting Colonel Yule; the present *parvenu* Manchu dynasty may fall, but the spectator need not hasten to his seat because the curtain has risen even on this. "Audiences will go in and out many times before the curtain falls on even this Manchu interlude in the Empire drama." The difference between the East and the West is illustrated again and again in such little pictures as this, which bring home to one once more the indifference to suffering and death which is one of the Chinaman's most marked characteristics. Speaking of the railway to Peking, which was only constructed with infinite difficulty in the face of endless opposition, she says:—

Stupid, careless, and deaf people were always being knocked down and run over—they even lay down on the nice dry track to rest or nap—and the railway people, fearing mobs and opposition, paid for those lives, but not at international indemnity rates. With such means at hand of acquiring a fortune for their surviving families, the track was the resort of speculative suicides, until the railway managers stopped paying for lives lost—for not even a coal mine could meet that steady financial drain—and the suicidal mania ceased as suddenly.

But to start quoting would be to start on an endless task, so much is there to tempt one. For, notwithstanding the light and racy manner in which the book is written, the writer impresses you at

the British minister uttered at the Tsung-li-Yamun was reported to the Russian Legation with almost electric promptness, until the Envoy threatened to suspend negotiations and withdraw. Willy concessionaires know each night where their rivals are dining and what they have said; whether any piece of written paper has passed, and what has gone on at each Legation in Peking and each consulate at Tientsin.

The writer feels keenly the indignities heaped on the Envoys, and thinks that on race days, for instance, the Chinese take delight in sending the "great diplomats of the greatest Powers" running home like schoolboys when the curfew tolls, for no one could contemplate with equanimity being shut outside the city walls at night, and the gates are closed ruthlessly. It were better far to be within, even though, as the authoress writing with horrible prescience before recent events says, the diplomats are "shut like rats in a trap in a double walled city of an estimated million three hundred thousand fanatic, foreign-hating Chinese, with a

instructions how to pour sherry in the master's glass, and by sleight-of-hand continue with a bottle of inferior wine around the board; even diagrams of how to arrange cigars in a box to conceal the little larcenies, and so many other minute instructions to the perfect servant that the sinologue studied it himself, and found that he had evidently stumbled upon the same manual in use in his own clockwork household.

The book is illustrated with many interesting sketches, including a quaint portrait of the Empress-Dowager when she was under twenty-five, taken by a Chinese artist. ("China: The Long-Lived Empire." By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. The Century Company).

## War Portraits

MR. MURRAY HENDRIE, of Hamilton, Canada, enlisted with the 1st Canadian Contingent and went to South Africa last October with his regiment. Some short time since he was gazetted as second lieutenant in the 2nd Dragoon Guards. Mr. Hendrie has a considerable reputation on the steeplechase course in Canada, and is acknowledged to be one of the best gentlemen jockeys in that country. The news of his appointment to the 2nd Dragoon Guards has been received with great satisfaction in Canada.

Lieutenant F. St. J. Tyrwhitt, who has been serving with the C.I.V. in South Africa as lance-corporal, has been given a commission in that regiment in succession to Lieutenant Alt, who was killed in action. Lieutenant Tyrwhitt is a sergeant in the Queen's Westminster Volunteers.

Lieutenant Bertram Barré Waddell-Dudley, of the 2nd Battalion North Staffordshire Regiment, died at Wynberg on the 20th ult. of enteric fever. Born June 22, 1874, he joined the North Staffordshire regiment as lieutenant from the Militia June 6, 1896, and became lieutenant January 2, 1899.

Lieutenant Thomas Conolly (Royal Scots Greys),



LANCE-CORPORAL F. ST. J. TYRWHITT  
Promoted to a Commission



PRIVATE MURRAY HENDRIE  
Promoted to a Commission



THE LATE LIEUT. B. B. WADDELL-DUDLEY  
Died at Wynberg of enteric



LIEUTENANT T. CONOLLY  
Killed at Nitral's Nek



LIEUTENANT T. S. PILKINGTON  
Killed at Nitral's Nek



THE LATE MR. HERBERT DAVIES  
Died of enteric at Springfontein



CAPTAIN F. S. WHITAKER  
Killed at Heidelberg

once as one who knows her subject, root and branch. She is steeped in the romantic history of China; she is thoroughly conversant with the workings of those who have worked the same field; she sketches the rise of the Manchus, and she draws a wonderful picture of that remarkable woman, the Dowager-Empress, who, in a land where women are despised and degraded, has domineered over and made fools of all who have stood in her way or thought to outwit her. One of the most interesting chapters at the present moment is that devoted to the strangers' quarter in Peking, with its descriptions of the Legations, and the rebuffs and covert insults which have continually been the lot of the various Envoys. No Chinese official dares maintain intimate social relations with the Legations for fear of being denounced at Court as disloyal, and the "contempt of grandees and petty button folk as they pass one on the streets of Peking is something to remember in one's hours of pride." The famous Tsung-li-Yamun, which deals with international affairs, is an inferior board, not one of the six great boards or departments of the Government.

It has not even the honour of being housed within the Imperial City. Ministers have always a long slow ride in state across to the shabby gateway of the forlorn old Yamun, where now eleven aged sleepy incompetents muddle with foreign affairs.

There has been some talk in view of the message from Mr. Conger about whether the Chinese would be able to send such a message in cipher, but does it seem impossible in the face of this?—

"I go to the Yamun by appointment at a certain hour," said one diplomat, "and while I am waiting my usual wait in those dirty, cold rooms, the ash-sifter comes in and wants to know if I think there will be war between this and that European Power; because, mind you, some very peculiar telegrams have just arrived for those Legations. Every Legation telegram is read and discussed at the Yamun, you know, before it is delivered to us, and the cipher codes give them rare ideas."

Every servant in a foreign establishment in Peking is a spy and informer of some degree; espionage is a regular business; and the table-talk, visiting-list, dinner-list, card-tray, and scrap-basket, with full accounts of all comings and goings, sayings and doings, of any Envoy or foreigner in Peking are regularly offered for purchase by recognised purveyors of such news. One often catches a glimpse of concentrated attention on the face of the turbaned servants standing behind dining-room chairs, that convinces one of this feature of capital life. Diplomatic secrets are fairly impossible in such an atmosphere. Every secret convention and concession is soon blazoned abroad. Every word

most hostile and lawless army of 60,000 vicious Chinese soldiers without the walls and scattered over the country towards Tientsin." She has plenty to say about, and a wide knowledge of the art treasures which once abounded, but now are far to seek. She describes the Great Wall as vividly and picturesquely as Chinese interiors and visits to Manchu great ladies. To go back a moment to curio hunting, a sinologue given to prowling the old city of Shanghai

told of a modern treasure he unearthed at a bookstall, in the way of a Chinese manual for house-servants in foreign employ. There were clear

who was killed in action at Nitral's Nek on the 11th inst., was the son of the late Mr. Thomas Conolly, M.P., of Castle-town, Ireland. Born in September, 1870, he was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, and received his commission in the 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys) in June, 1893. He was attached to the 21st Lancers for the Soudan Campaign in August and September, 1898, and after serving one year with the Egyptian Army, rejoined his regiment in South Africa in March of this year. Our portrait is by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly.

Second Lieutenant Thomas Douglas Pilkington, of the 1st (Royal) Dragoons, who was killed in the affair at Nitral's Nek, was the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Pilkington, of Sandside, Caithness-shire, J.P. and D.L., and was born on June 19th, 1876. He was educated at Eton, and entered the 1st Dragoons from the Militia on June 9, 1897. The present was his first campaign. Lieutenant Pilkington was a Deputy-Lieutenant for Caithness-shire, and a member of the Junior Carlton and the Cavalry Clubs. Our portrait is by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly.

Mr. Herbert Davies, who died on Friday last at Springfontein, of dysentery, and who had been acting as surgeon of the Welsh Military Hospital, was the son of Mr. Henry Davies, of Carus Lodge, Halton, near Lancaster. He was educated at Owens College, Manchester, and took the M.B. and Ch.B. Degrees at Victoria University in 1898. He had been lately House Physician at the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, and before going out to South Africa was House Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary, Manchester. Our portrait is by A. Winter, Preston.

Captain Frederick Shewell Whitaker, Roberts's Horse, who was killed at Heidelberg on June 23, had seen much service in Africa, having been through the Galeka and Gaika Wars, the Bechuana-land Expedition, and the Matabele Campaign. On offering his services last autumn, he was given a squadron in the South African Light Horse, and afterwards Roberts's Horse.



The Duke and Duchess of Connaught experienced a great deal of difficulty in finding a suitable home in Ireland, as they did not wish to spend all their time in the Commander-in-Chief's official quarters at the Royal Hospital, Kilmahnam. At last they decided on taking Castle Blaney, co. Monaghan, which belongs to Lord Francis Clinton-Hope, brother to the Duke of Newcastle

CASTLE BLANEY: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT'S NEW IRISH HOME

THE SPRUDEL, THE MOST CELEBRATED SPRING IN CARLSBAD

THE ALTE WIESE



THE MÜHLBRUN COLONNADE

Carlsbad, in Bohemia, is one of the most famous of European watering-places. It has had a reputation for its mineral springs for over five hundred years. The best-known springs are the Sprudel and the Muhlbrun. The boiling water of the former rises like a fountain to a height of several feet. The most

popular promenade of the town is the Alte Wiese, planted with magnificent old chestnut trees. It forms the bazaar of the town, and is always thronged by visitors.

THE QUEEN OF THE EUROPEAN SPAS: SCENES IN CARLSBAD

DRAWN BY ST. REJCHAN



*"Roughly fashioned the letters 'S.B.' and 'J.A.' with a scroll around them, and a knot beneath to indicate the nature of true love."*

## THE MOUND BY THE WAY

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Illustrated by R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

### I.

WHERE the sylvan character of the scene changes; where fields give place to hanging woods, and they in their turn thin to poverty and obliquity under eternal stress of western winds, a gate, resting by its own weight against a granite post, indicates the limits of agriculture and forestry upon the confines of the high moor. Beneath this standpoint Devon's unnumbered breasts billow to the misty horizon, and delicious, dimpling valleys, between the high fertile lands and higher wealds, are marked by orchards, water meadows, and the winding ways of various rivers. These, born in the remote moorland cup of Cranmere, have come from far, and now, with slower current and ampler volume, they roam melodiously through pleasant leas, through dunes and dingles of sweet flowers, beneath the music of birds and the shadows of great woodlands, to their confluence with the sea. Here, too, cuddle hamlets and rise crocketed church towers; peat reek sweetens the air; the doves croon through blue smoke on many a low thatched cot; and life moves in dignified simplicity and peace. The habitations of men glimmer with whitewashed walls at fringes of pine forests, and wind-blown crossways, about small village greens, beside lonely roads, upon steep hillsides, and among sunny coombs. Homesteads rise in lofty isolation along the edges of the great central loneliness; whole villages lie in the lap of fair green hills; and the manifold planes of this spacious scene, whether under flying cloud-shadows or grey rain, mid-day sunlight or the splendour of summer moons, commingle in one vision whose particulars only vary to the play of the dawn and sunset lights, to the hands of the roaming elements, to the seasons that revolving bring each in turn awakening life, high colour-pageants, dying pomps, ultimate sobrieties and snows.

Beyond the gate to the moor rises a steep road of broken granite and flint. It climbs upwards, straight and dogged, into the world of the heather, and, pursued a little way, reveals the solemn sweep and dip of the circumambient waste. To the skyline tumbles this billowy ocean, and the ripples upon the crest of each mighty wave are granite. Here rise giant tors, adorned at this August season

with purple ling to their footstools of stone; here subtend wildernesses between the high hills; and the sheep-bells jangle upon them and the red kine bellow from the watercourses. At sight of you a rook, his feathers blown awry, hops thrice, then ascends heavily; but the kestrel, with greater distinction of flight, glides away from his perch upon a stone ere he sweeps aloft, with long reaches, to hang motionless in the air like a brown star afar off. The moorland world extends as a vast, undulating mosaic of olive and dun, thinly veiled by the bloom of the ling and splashed with golden furze and grey granite. The expanse is touched with an amber and velvet warmth in sunshine, is enriched with the pure, cool purple of cloud shadows, brightened into sheer emerald green where springs burst from their peat moss cradles under pearls of seeding cotton grass, and lightened throughout its sombre heath-tones with glistening sheets of polished ferns, where the tracts of the bracken stand under direct sunlight. There is warmth too in its breezy interspaces—warmth won from the ruddiness of ripe rush-heads and manifold seeding grasses, all bending and swaying in brown and silver waves under the wind.

At the junction of two roads that cross at right angles within a hundred yards of the moor-gate, there stands a blackthorn of venerable shape. It is a deformed, grotesque tree, much bent and shrivelled, whose every bough is coated with close fabric of grey incrustations; but such clothing has failed to protect its carcass against a century of winters and biting winds. In autumn the scanty foliage is still brightened by a meagre crop of fruit; but life crawls with difficulty up the zigzag bones of this most ancient thorn, while each spring its tardy sap awakes less of the tree, and exhibits increasing concourse of abrupt and withered twigs to rot above and below the centre of vitality. Beneath this ruin you shall note a slight hillock of green grass, where foxgloves shake aloft their purple pyramids of blossom, and a rabbit's hole passes close beside them. Of artificial barrow or modern burying place there is no suggestion here; and yet this mound by the highway side conceals a grave; and the story of the human dust within it is that of one who lived and smarted more than a

hundred years ago. Men were of the same pattern then as now, but manners varied vastly; and the moorman who farms upon the grudging boundaries of that great central desert to-day, and curses the winds that scatter his beggarly newtacks with thistle-down and fern spore, might wonder at the tales this same wild wind could tell him of past times and of the customs of his ancestors.

Human life on the moor is hard enough even at present, but modern methods of softening the rough edges of existence were still less considered in the beginning of the century, when American and French prisoners of war broke their hearts at Princetown. In those days the natives of the Devonshire highlands endured much and laughed at the more delicate nurture of the townfolk, as the wandering Tauregs laugh when their softer fellows exchange tent and desert for the green oases of many palms and sweet waters. Then food was rough on Dartmoor, and drink was rougher. Cider colic all men knew as a common ill; most beverages were brewed of native herbs and berries; only upon some occasion of rare rejoicing would a lavish goodwife commission "Johnny Fortnight," the nomad packman, to bring her two or three ounces of genuine cathay as a lordly entertainment for her cronies.

It was rather more than a century ago that one John Aggett dwelt within two hundred yards of the thorn bush already described; and the remains of his cottage, of which the foundation and a broken wall still exist, may be seen hard by—a grey ghost, all smothered with nettles, docks, and trailing briars. Cultivated land formerly extended round this dwelling, and in that old-world garden grew kale and potatoes, with apple trees, an elder, whose fruit made a sort of wine, and sundry herbs, used for seasoning meat or ministering to sickness. No evidence of this cultivation now survives, save only the ruined wall and a patriarchal crab-apple tree—the stock that once supported a choicer scion long since perished.

Here resided John Aggett and his widowed mother. The cottage was the woman's property, and that no regular rent had to be paid for it she held a lucky circumstance, for John by no means walked in his laborious father's footsteps. Work indeed he could,

and perform prodigious feats of strength when it pleased him; but it was not in the details of his prosaic trade as a thatcher that he put forth his great powers. Business by no means attracted him or filled his life. As a matter of fact, the man was extremely lazy, and only when sports of the field occupied his attention did he disdain trouble and exertion. He would tramp for many miles to shoot plovers or the great golden-eyed heath pouls and bustards that then frequented the moor; he cared nothing for cold and hunger on moonlight winter nights, when wild ducks and geese were to be slain; and trout-fishing in summer-time would brace him to days of heroic toil on remote waters. But thatching, or the thought of it, proved a sure narcotic to his energies; and it was not until Sarah Belworthy came into his life as a serious factor that the young red-haired giant began to take a more serious view of existence and count the ultimate cost of wasted years.

Man and maid had known one another from early youth, and John very well remembered the first meeting of all, when he was a lanky youngster of eleven, she a little lass of eight. Like the boy, Sarah was an only child, and her parents, migrating from Chagford to Throwley, within which moorland parish the Aggetts dwelt, secured a cottage midway between the home of the thatcher and the village in the valley below. Soon afterwards the children met upon one of those winding sheep tracks that traverse the Moor on every hand. They were at the same business, and each, moving slowly along, sought for every tress, lock, or curl of sheep's wool that hung here and there in the thorny clutch of furze and bramble.

The boy stopped, for Sarah's great grey eyes and red mouth awoke something in him. He felt angry because the blood flowed to his freckled face; but she was cool as the little spring that rose in their path, cool as the crystal water that bubbled up and set a tiny column of silver sand shivering among the red sundews and bog asphodels at their feet.

"Marnin' to 'e," said John, who already knew the small stranger by sight.

"Marnin', Jan Aggett."

"An' what might your name be if I may ax?"

"I be called Sarah, but Sally most times; an' I be wool-gatherin' same as you."

"Hast a-got gude store?"

"But little yet."

"I'll shaw 'e all the best plaaces, if you mind to let me."

"Thank 'e, Jan Aggett. My mother's a gert spinner."

"An' my mother's a gert spinner, tu."

"Not so gert as mine, I reckon."

"Never was better'n my mother."

"Mine be better, I tell 'e! Her spins black wool an' white together into butivul, braave grey yarn; an' auld Ben Beer—him what's got the loom to Chaggyford, do buy it for money with gladness."

"Ban't much black wool in these paarts, an' my mother knits her worsted into clothes for me. But I'll share what I find with you now."

"I'll lay I'll find a plenty for myself."

"I'll lay you will. An' I'll shaw 'e wheer the dewberries be autumn time, an' wheer the best hurts be got out Belstones way, an' wheer the properest reves\* for cannel-making do grow."

"Sure, you'm a very kind fashioned bwoy, Jan Aggett."

"You'd best to call me just 'Jan' like other folks."

"So I will; an' you'd best to call me 'Sally'."

"Burned if I don't then! An' us'll be friends;" shall us?"

From that time forward the somewhat lonely children became close companions; and when years passed and Sarah ripened to maidenhood, while John brought forth a straw-coloured moustache and thick beard that matched his ruddy locks, the pair of them were already regarded by their own generation as surely bound for marriage in due season.

There came an afternoon when the girl had reached the age of eighteen, and John was just arrived at man's estate. They worked together in the valley at harvest-time, and the thatcher, standing on a stack-ladder, watched the girl where she was gleaning, and like ed her pink sun-bonnet to some bright flower nodding over the stubbles. Presently she came to him with a bundle of good corn under her arm.

"'Tis long in the straw this year," she said. "You must thresh it for me when you can, and hand me the straw for plaiting. I can sell all the hats an' bonnets tu, as I'm like to weave. An' Passon do allus give me half-a-crown each year for a new straw hat."

John came down from his perch, and picked up the little sheaf; then, the day's work done, they dawdled up the hill, and Sarah, hot and weary, after toil in great sunshine, sometimes took John's hand, like a little child, when the road revealed no other person.

Up through the lanes from Throwley to the high land they made their way, past a wall where jaspone drew a sky-blue mantle over the silver and ebony lichens of the granite. Pennyworts also raised their little steeples from the interstices of the old wall; briars broke its lines; red berries and black twinkled among the grasses, and dainty cups and purses of ripe seeds revealed their treasures; flowers not a few also blossomed there; while butterflies gemmed the golden ragwort and bees struggled at the blossoms of scabious and hawkweed. A mellow murmur of life gladdened the old wall, and the sun, slow sinking behind distant Cosdon, warmed the venerable fabric with rich horizontal light. At a break in the stones dripped a stream through a little dark nest of ferns, and here, too, stood a stile leading into heavy woods, where one sentinel pine tree arose at the corner of a gamekeeper's path through the preserves. Hither, weary with her labours and desiring a brief rest, Sarah turned, climbed the stile, and sat down beneath the tree. John accompanied her, and they reclined in silence awhile, where the ripe glory of August sunshine sent a shimmer of ruddy and diaphanous light into the heart of the wood and flamed upon the bole of the great cone-bearer. A woodpecker suddenly departed from the foliage above the silent pair. He made off with an undulatory motion and cheerful laughter, as who should say, "Two are company, three none."

John turned to Sarah and sighed and shook his head while he tickled her hand with a straw from the sheaf. She did not

withdraw it, so he came a little nearer and put the straw up her arm; then followed it with two of his own fingers and felt her moist skin under them.

She laughed lazily, and the music fired his heart and sluggish tongue.

"Oh God, Sally, how long be I to dance upon your beck and call for nought? How long be I to bide this way while you hang back?"

"Us couldn't be gertter friends."

"Ess fay, but us could. Wheer do friendship lead to 'twixt men an' women? Dost hear? I know you'm butivul to see, an' purtiest gal in Throwley an' such like; an' I know a man o' my fortune an' poor brain power's got no right. An' yet, though 'tis bouldacious so to do, I ban't built to keep away from 'e. I peck an' pine an' dwindle for 'e, I do."

"Dwindle, dear heart! Wheer's the signs of that? You'm stronger an' taller an' better 'n any man in Throwley."

"Did 'e say 'better,' Sally? Did 'e mean it? 'Tis a year since I fust asked 'e, serious as a man, an' a dozen times 'twixt then an' now I've axed again. I swear I thought as I'd seen love-light in them misty eyes of thine, else I'd have troubled 'e less often. But—but—"

"Wouldn't I have sent 'e away wi' a flea in your ear when fust you axed if I'd meant all I said, you silly gawkim?"

Then he put his arm round her and hugged her very close. No artifice restrained the plump natural curves of her waist; her garments were thin, and the soft body of her beneath them fired him.

"Give awver! You'm squeezin' me, Jan!"

"Say it then—say it out—or I'll hug 'e, an' hug 'e, an' hug 'e to death for sheer love!"

"You gert thick-headed twoad! Caan't 'e read awnly a woman's words to 'e? Haven't 'e found out these long months? Didn't 'e even guess how 'twas when we went christening Farmer Chave's apple trees by night an' I slapped your face for comin' to me arter you'd been fooling with that slammocking maypole of a gal, Tom Chubb's darter? You'm blind for all your eyes."

He gave an inarticulate grunt only half human, and poured huge noisy kisses on her hair and face and little ears.

"Christ A'mighty! Sweatin' for joy I be! To think it—to think you finds the likes o' me gude enough for 'e! Theer—theer. Hallelujah!"

He shouted and danced with the grace of a brown bear, while she smoothed herself from his salutations and sat up panting after such rough embrace. Then he took out his knife and sought the pine behind them. Sunset fires were dying away. Only a starry twinkling of auburn light still caught the high tops of the tallest trees and marked them out against the prevailing shadows of the woods.

"'Tis a deed should be cut on the fust bark as meets your eyes arter the woman's said 'yes' to 'e," declared John.

Then, turning to the trunk he set to work, at the height of a man's heart, and roughly fashioned the letters "S.B." and "J.A." with a scroll around them, and a knot beneath to indicate the nature of true love. The outer rind came easily to the knife, leaving a lustrous, ivory-coloured surface beneath.

"Theer let it bide, sweetheart, for our childer's childer to see when we'm sleepin' down-along."

"Go away with 'e, Jan!"

Presently they moved upwards to their homes.

"Braave news for my mother," said the girl.

"Braave news for mine," declared John.

The sun had set and the twilight was in Sarah's grey eyes as she lifted them to him. Together they passed upwards very slowly, with her head against his shoulder and his arm round her.

"'Tis a pleasant thing seemin'ly to have a huge gert man to love 'e."

"Ess fay, my bird! You'll live to know it, please God."

From their lofty standpoint spread a wide scene of waning light on a fading world; and above the eastern horizon, through the last roses of the afterglow, imperceptibly stole a round shield of pale pearl. Aloft the sweeping wind-clouds lost their light and turned slate-grey as the misty phantom of the moon gathered brightness, and the western nimbus of sunset faded away round Cosdon's mighty crest.

Then John took his lips from his love's and gave her the sheaf of gleaned corn and left her at her father's door, while he tramped on up the hill.

His mother trembled before the long-anticipated truth, and knew the first place in his heart gone at last.

"As purty as a picksher in truth," she said, "but something too taffety\* for the wife of a day-labourer."

"Not so," answered the man. "She'm an angel out o' heaven, an' she'll come to be the awnly wife worth namin' on Dartmoor. For that matter she ban't feared of a day's work herself, an' have awfentimes earned a fourpenny piece 'pon the land."

## II.

THROUGHOUT the week Samson Belworthy, the father of Sarah, swung a sledge and followed a blacksmith's calling; upon the day of rest his labours were of a more delicate sort, for he played the bass viol and pulled as brave a bow as any church musician around about the moor. This man accepted John as suitor to his daughter with certain reservations. He had no mind to dismiss Sally into poverty, and bargained for delay until Aggett had saved money, obtained regular occupation, instead of his present casual trade, and arrived at a worldly position in which he could command a stone cottage and thus offer his wife a home worthy of her.

From desultory application to the business of his dead father—a sort of work in which he had never much distinguished himself—John now turned his face upon the problems of life in earnest, and sought employment under a responsible master. His ambition was to win a place as gamekeeper or assistant keeper on the estates of the manor lord; but he lacked the necessary qualifications in the opinion of those who knew him, being, indeed, strong enough, courageous enough, and familiar enough with the duties of such a

calling, but having an uncertain temper, in nature fiery as his oncoming beard. Finally, his physical strength obtained for daily work and weekly wage at Farmer Chave's. Upon establishment of Cridland Barton he entered, and, as now began a new chapter of his life.

All proceeded prosperously during the autumnal progress of his romance. John gave every satisfaction, was said to have forgotten his way to the sign of the Green Man, and developed unsuspected capabilities in the direction of patience and self-control. He toiled amain, attracted his master's regard, and won the red-hot friendship of his master's son.

This youth, by name Timothy, returning from his apprenticeship to a brewer at Plymouth, after a futile endeavour to master particulars of that profitable business, decided to follow in his father's footsteps, much to the elder's disappointment. Tim Chave elected to be a farmer, however, and coming home from Cridland Barton a fortnight before Christmas, he devoted his days and nights to sport, while promising tremendous applications when the new year should arrive. He was two years younger than John Aggett, and a youth of finer intelligence and elasticity; but he found in John an ideal follower by flood and field. There came a day, one week before the Christmas festival, when for particular reasons, Timothy desired a heavy bag. John therefore begged off his farm duties, and then rising by starlight trod the high land and pressed forward towards Aggett's tan haunts before dawn.

Young Chave, a lad of good repute and handsome exterior, had learned his lessons at Blundell's School, was accounted a very clever youth, and held in much esteem as a traveller and scholar amidst the natives of Throwley. His mother spoiled him and fooled him to the top of his bent; his father had a proud of him until the lad's recent determination to soar no higher than the life of a country-man.

This present excursion bore reference to a special event, as been said. There were coming from North Devon to Cridland Barton, for the holiday season, sundry poor cousins of the Chaves. On Christmas Eve they would arrive, and, as a certain pretty lot of seventeen was to accompany her elders, Timothy's generous determination that moorland delicacies must await her, if his right long fowling-piece, and liver-coloured spaniel could secure them. With this excuse he had won John Aggett away from the cow-barn, and together, as day broke, they passed over Scorchill above North Teign, then pushed forward into the dim valley of the Wallabrook beneath, and so with cautious passage across half-frozen swamps sought the winter haunts of their game.

To the progress of that day no part of this narrative could be devoted; suffice it that we meet the men again coming homeward under an early, universal twilight and a cold northern wind. In certain marshes, rumoured to send forth warm springs even at the coldest of frosty nights, John Aggett had found good sport, and now to the servant's waist-girdle a big bag bulged with two brace of three snipe, two woodcock, and a hare. Through the grey ponds of coming snow they pushed forward where the wind waivered in harmony in the dead heath, and all the ground stretched from them save upon the black bogs that froze not. John was clad as the Kar and mountain Syrians to this day: he wore a sheep's pelt with the hair towards his body, the skin turned out. Arms of like material fitted into this snug vest, and his breeches were similarly fashioned. Timothy, as he faced the north wind booming over a heather ridge, envied Aggett, for his own garments, albeit stout enough, lacked the warmth of the natural skin.

"Colder and colder," he said, "and the last drop of snow drunk and five good miles before us yet."

"'Tis so; but theer's Gammer Gurney's cot downlong in the place under the hill. If you mind to turn out of the way a bit, certain she'll have gude, heartening spirit liquors hid by her, the how she comes by the fiery stuff, an' the tobacco her sells in secret an' the frill-de-dills o' precious silks an' furrin lace-works, ban't business to know."

"Good! We'll pay Gammer a visit. My father gets more gill of brandy from the old rascal."

"In league wi' the dowl, I doubt."

"More likely with the smugglers. Plenty of cargoes are taken down Teignmouth way, and when they've dodged the gaugers, made a good haul, the farther they take their wares inland the better. She pays them well, be sure."

"She do awften talk 'bout a sailor son, come to think on't."

"Aye, and many and many a sailor son, I warrant you! My father hath said her cognac is drink for heroes; yet if they pleased to make him a Justice of the Peace, then he will do different measures with Mother Gurney, for a man's conscience must be set above his stomach."

"Her be a baggarin' auld sarpent for sartain, an' goeth through the air on a birch broom or awver the sea in a egg-shell, an' an' suchlike devilries. In times past I judge the likes o' she would burn for such dark wickednesses; though her did me a gude turn once, I'll allow."

While speaking they had crested the ragged mane of Scorchill, passed a Danmonian monument—that circular, hypæthral chamber which knits human interest into the expanse—and then proceeded passed to the north. Following a wall where the hill sloped, they found themselves confronted with the bird's-eye view of a long-thatched cottage. Behind it the land rose with abruptness; behind the entrance extended a square patch of garden. No sign of a path marked the spot; but as the men climbed down a path through withered fern they aroused a bob-tailed, blue-eyed sheep dog, which leapt, gaunt and ape-like, to the limit of its tether, and barked wildly at the intruders. A naked austerity and transparent innocence and poverty marked the dwelling to casual eyes.

"Down these winding ways, or else out of the woods below come Mother Gurney's 'sailor sons,' with their pails and butts, hid under innocent peat and rushes no doubt," commented Timothy.

Then John Aggett knocked at the door with a modest tap, and young Chave noted that he spat over his left shoulder before doing so.

"'Tis plaguery hard to be upsides wi' a witch, I do assure 'e, but she'm a wonnerful clever woman, as all in these paarts do very well know," confessed John.

(To be continued)

\* *Reves* for cannel-making. Rushes for candle-making.

\* *Taffety*. Delicate, dainty.

## The Gystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTILE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

"I SUPPOSE," said an Intelligent Foreigner at Lord's the other day, when gazing on the cricketers, "that they must be very well paid. Of course, extra during the hot weather. And all their refreshment found them!" And this reminds one what a debt of gratitude the British spectator owes to the British player of games. The players are comparatively few, but the number of patrons are absolutely enormous. One would like to ascertain what game is the most popular with the spectator. Cricket, though pleasant enough where you know a lot of people at a country match, is apt to be monotonous after a time; golf is simply dismal from the point of view of the looker-on; and croquet, unless you can watch a clever and fascinating player like my valued correspondent, "Miss Mallet," is apt to become somewhat uninteresting. If you like to see a lot of men rolling in the dust, with the chance of a few broken legs and a couple of fractured collar-bones, you will thoroughly enjoy football. Polo is an excellent spectacle, and according to a recent singer in *Punch* presents great attractions to the player. He says:—

Then let me have my supple steed—  
Good-tempered, uncomplaining—  
So sure of foot, so rare in speed,  
In perfect polo training.  
And let me toast in rare old port,  
In Heidsieck or Barolo,  
In shandy-gaff or something short—  
The keen delights of Polo!

Not being a polo player myself, I can perhaps hardly be so enthusiastic. But I am full of admiration for the game from a spectator's point of view. The satin-skinned ponies in perfect condition and excellent training, the brilliant costumes of the riders, the constant patter of hoofs on the greensward, the continual change in the aspect of the game and the quiet beauty of its picturesque surroundings, give polo a very distinguished position as a free show. I have seen a good deal of it recently at Oakley Park, Gloucestershire—a delightful ground, where may be found the best of teams, and, from the observer's point of view, I should be inclined to place polo in the very first rank.

Among the many letters that I receive from all quarters of the globe may be mentioned one that has recently reached me from a lady in Hungary. After the many pleasant things she is good enough to say with regard to this column, she expostulates with me with regard to my recent remarks on the rage for red that has recently developed in the streets of London. She writes:—"Some years ago you eloquently pleaded for coloured umbrellas to alleviate the monotony of the streets on a rainy, foggy day, and now, to my great regret, you have saddled a fresh horse and changed your mind on the subject of colour. For, in one of the last numbers of *The Graphic*, you write that London seems suffering from scarlet fever. According to my idea there is nothing more dismal than the absolute want of colour in towns, and especially on rainy days, when everyone is attired in his most sombre garb. Gaily painted houses, cabs, 'buses would be a necessity to bring in the missing note of colour into weeping nature." I entirely agree with this lady's views. In my paragraph on the subject I did not object to the introduction of colour, but I protested against the introduction of masses of vivid reds in all directions. If my correspondent had seen our streets during the Jubilee, she would have found how monotonous and exasperating these masses of red become after a time.

Further complaints reach me with regard to people being unable to get to sleep at night by reason of the blaze of electric light from the new lamp bearers coming into their windows with a blinding glare. I am sure I do not know what can be done to abolish this grievance, but, undoubtedly, it is a substantial one. As I have said before, I consider ancient darkness quite as valuable as ancient lights, and I see no reason why the proprietors of either should be interfered with. I see they are putting up a new lamp bearer at the back of the Golden Cross. I should fancy the occupants of the bedrooms in this portion of the hotel will have a good deal to say on the subject directly the new light is in full blast. It strikes me, too, if it is impossible to prevent the dwellers in the upper parts of houses being turned out of their rooms by over-illumination, that it would have been much better to have had the electric lamps swung from brackets attached to the houses, then the expense of those lofty and ornate columns would have been altogether spared. If you knew how much each these tall lamp bearers cost you would find, from the ratepayers' point of view, this is a matter of no small importance.

Again I have to protest against the want of ventilation in omnibuses. When the sultry weather sets in one feels it especially. Years ago, all the windows of the vehicles could be lowered, like those of an ordinary carriage. Now they are immovable. This is absurd. They ought to be all made to let down, and in the present state of the weather they should be all kept down, with light, easily drawn curtains to keep out the sun. If these improvements were made, the inside of a bus would be the coolest place to ride. As matters are no one rides inside, but the roof is crowded. There passengers are grilled, with the chance of a sunstroke; if they go inside they are well-nigh suffocated. Whereas, if the simple changes I have suggested were made, the vehicle would be filled throughout. For, of course, during this tropical weather no one dreams of walking when the expenditure of a few pence will land him at his destination. Further improvements in the ventilation of omnibuses might be made by placing a revolving fan in each, which might be easily worked by being connected with the wheels of the vehicle. If these trifling and easily accomplished improvements were made, it would be found that the inside of an omnibus would be the coolest place in London, and would be doubtless crammed by languid people lazily fanning themselves, and singing in a whisper a new glee entitled "Here in cool 'Buses!"

## The "Anglo-Saxon"

ONE of the most interesting contributions to the new *Anglo-Saxon* is the Marchioness of Londonderry's brilliant piece of special pleading on behalf of Lord Castlereagh. One may not be quite convinced at the finish, for the writer follows the time-honoured principle, and is very kind to that statesman's virtues, and more than a trifle blind to his alleged faults, but she conjures up a delightful picture of a striking personality. Lady Randolph Churchill's letters from a hospital ship are capital reading, and bitterly true, too, are her remarks on the way in which war strikes down reputations as capriciously as it strikes down life.

Fate may allow one man to blunder and muddle steadily through a campaign, and to come out comfortably in the end with promotion and a decoration; while another, a braver and a better soldier, may lose everything that makes life worth living by a single miscalculation, a momentary fit of rashness or indecision, a temporary failure of judgment or resource. Is there any tragedy, even in the tragedies of war, more pitiable? Think of it! The devotion of a lifetime, the long laborious training of years, the professional ambitions cherished and tended since boyhood, all these blasted away in five minutes, and because of such a lapse of memory or reasoning as the rest of us commit unpunished half-a-dozen times daily—such a slip aside we make when we take the wrong umbrella from the stand at the club, and get mixed over our dinner invitations. You might lose a battery or cut up a brigade in a battle by no worse negligence than that by which you miss your train in peace time. But in the terrible issues of war it is the act that counts, not the intention; and a man is punished for the consequences of his error rather than for its extent or character. Lives and limbs are not the only sacrifices that good soldiers and devoted patriots are called upon to make for their country.

The volume is again handsomely bound, this time in red and gold, and there is at present no falling away in the contributors. Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Sir Herbert Maxwell, Mr. W. H. Mallock among many others, furnish articles, while among the illustrations

are admirable reproductions of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits of Lord Castlereagh and of John Opie's portrait of the beautiful, ill-starred Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin.

## A Book on the Navy

NO more valuable work on the Navy, particularly to untechnical readers, has appeared of late than "Our Fleet of To-Day" (Seeley), by Captain S. Eardley-Wilmot, R.N. It is ten years since the same writer published his "Development of Navies During the Last Half-Century," of which the present volume is a revised edition. But so many changes have taken place, so many lessons have been learnt from the important naval battles that have ensued during that time, that, to bring the work thoroughly up to date, it has had, practically, to be re-written. It had been the author's intention to review the changes that have been effected in foreign navies, as well as in our own, but owing to the great advances made by other nations during the last decade such a subject could not be compressed within the limits originally assigned to it, and he has been compelled to restrict himself to the history of our Fleet from 1840 to the present day, a period which includes the vast changes from sail to steam, wood to iron, and smooth bore guns to rifled ordnance, quick-fire guns and torpedoes. A chapter that should be read with great interest just now is one entitled "Steam Propulsion," by Mr. R. R. C. Oldknow, R.N., in which the different kinds of marine engines and boilers are discussed. The writer has very decided opinions on the superiority of the Belleville boiler. The book is capitally illustrated.



Charming visiting toilette in painted muslin. Full skirt made with a tunic bordered by a garland of marguerites painted by hand. This border is repeated at the hem of the dress over a lace insertion mounted on orange silk, and a full muslin ruche finishes the hem. The bodice has a yoke of gathered muslin over orange colour, pointed at the back, while muslin rosettes and a narrow wreath of painted marguerites ornament the front and sleeves. Orange velvet belt.

FOR AN AFTERNOON CALL



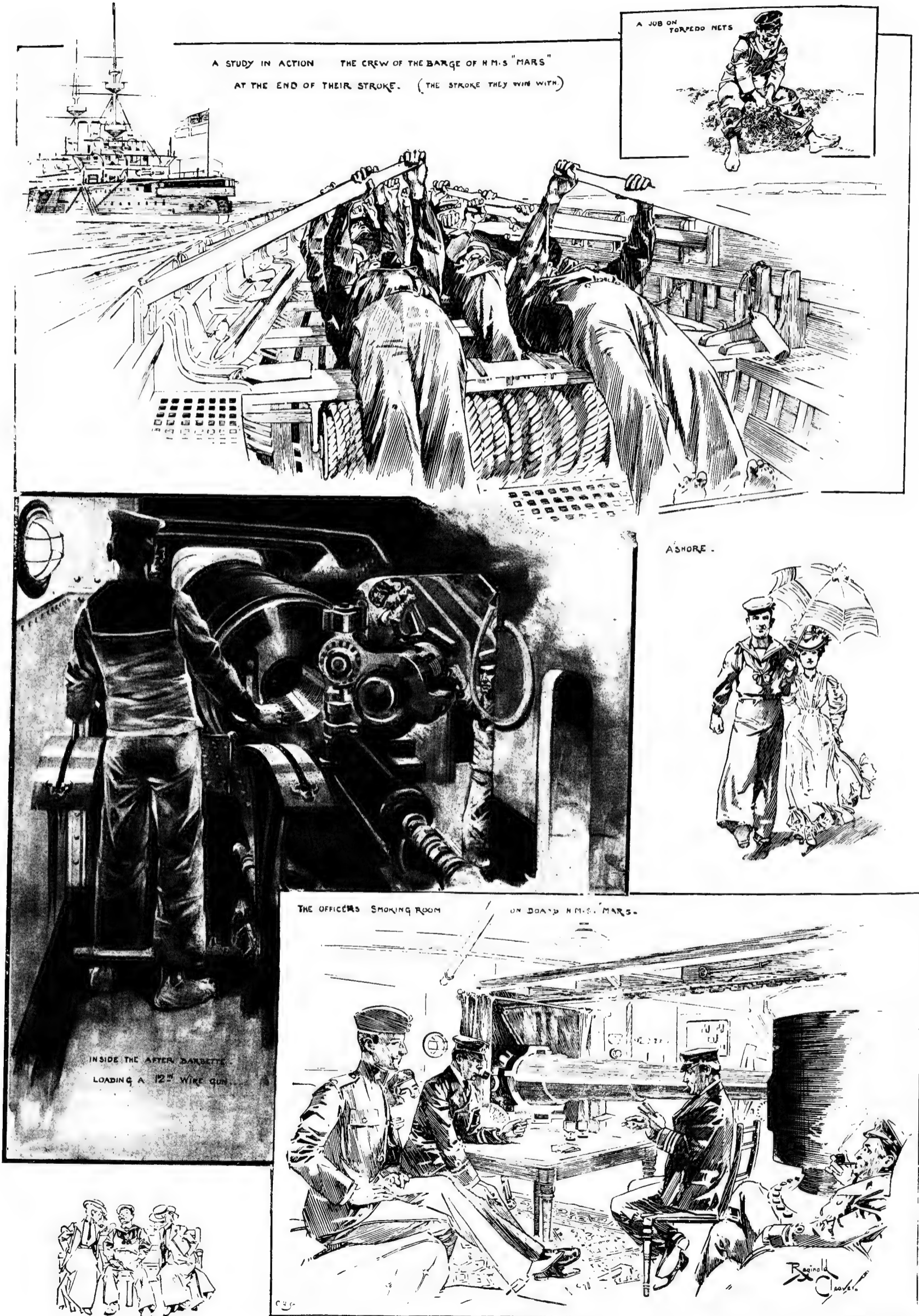
DRAWN BY E. D. HAINES



FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER DAVIDSON

The scene presented here is one which all travellers in Siberia have dwelt upon in descriptions of their wanderings. The sufferings of the wayworn prisoners of all ages, the sick in carts, the pitiless guards—all this is, it seems, soon to become ancient history. In May of last year the Tsar commissioned the Minister of Justice to draw up a law for abolishing banishment to Siberia. The Minister's draft was examined by the Council of the Empire, and the law, as finally sanctioned, has been signed by the Tsar. The *Official Messenger* has published the text of an Imperial ukase providing in a large measure for the abolition of deportation, and also the clauses in full of the new law.

# THE LAST OF THE EXILES: RUSSIAN PRISONERS ON THEIR WAY TO PRISON IN SIBERIA





DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.  
 The scene here shown is a first-class cruiser of the *Terrill* type, which is shown with the breech locked and ready to be fired. The right-hand gun is being loaded from the breech, the long rammer handled by the men being seen pushing the huge shell into its place. Then the carriage will similarly be rammed in and the breech locked for firing.  
 THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES: LOADING THE BIG GUNS ON BOARD A CRUISER  
 FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER

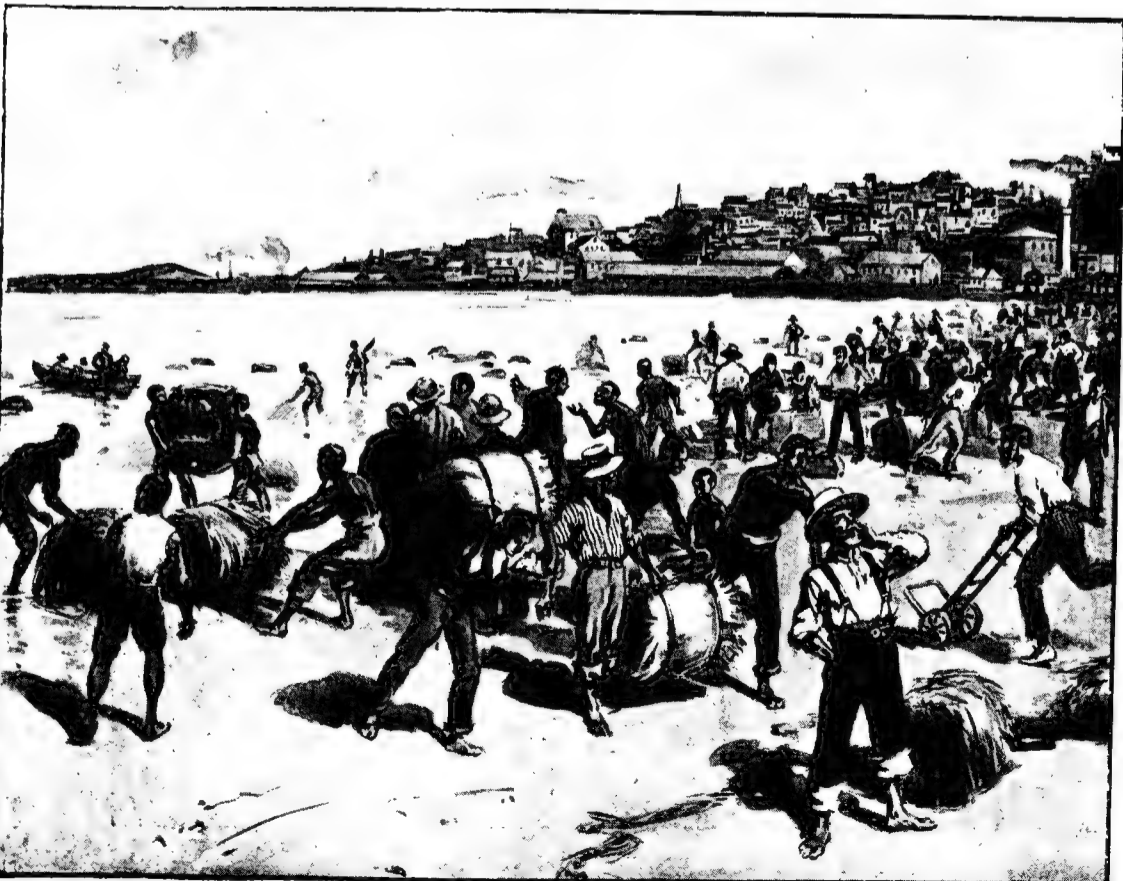


This photograph by a British officer, shows the advanced guard of the Highland Brigade arriving at Sanna's Post, after a forced march from Bushman's Kop to reinforce General Ian Hamilton's column, which had recaptured the waterworks at that place the day before

#### THE HIGHLAND SWING: AT THE END OF A FORCED MARCH



ESCORTING BOER PRISONERS TO KROONSTAD



DAMAGED BALES OF HAY IN ALGOA BAY

#### HOW JOHN BULL'S MILLIONS ARE WASTED

## Exhibition Jottings

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

THE Exhibition of 1900 is now in the fourth month of existence. It therefore seems permissible to ask if it has been a success, and if, when the moment comes for closing November next, we shall be able to register yet another brilliant triumph to the credit of the French?

Strange to say no one can yet say if the Exhibition has or will be a success. If one goes by statistics the answer would be in the affirmative, but then with figures one can prove anything or nothing. As far as the number of visitors go this is the most successful Exhibition ever held in Paris. It has had an average of over two hundred thousand visitors per diem, and on Sunday a number averages between three and four hundred thousand, and has exceeded half a million.

Under these circumstances one would think that the Paris hotel-keeper and tradesman would be satisfied and would be making big fortunes. If, however, one speaks with them about it they explain that they care more for quality than quantity in the visitors. And it is in quality that the present invasion is lacking. An enormous number of the visitors are French people from the provinces, who when they come to the capital, lodge with friends and relatives. And their money being only French money, changing place does not make the country one centime richer. It is like feeding a dog with his own tail.

The foreign contingent is also unsatisfactory, consisting as it does mainly of Germans, Belgians, and Dutch, Germans predominating. And these three are notoriously frugal nations, who do not spend their money recklessly, and want full value for every centime. They are nearly all brought here by tourist agencies, at a minimum price per diem. They do the Exhibition in the most exemplary fashion, visiting every class and section conscientiously, but avoiding the "side shows" as they would the plague. In the theatres they go to the cheap seats, and the expensive restaurants know them not.

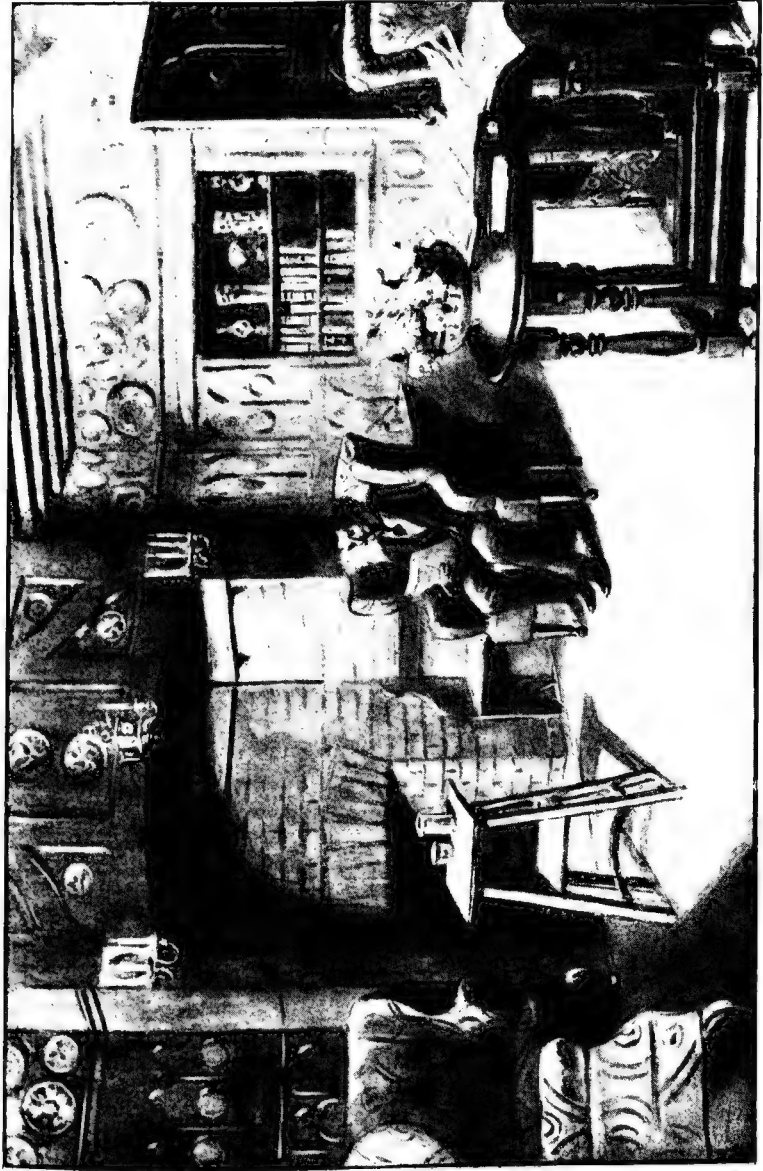
What Paris—that is, Paris with an eye to business and the main chance—is sighing for is the English and the Americans. Bank-notes and dollars have always made the success of Paris Exhibitions. But this year both are conspicuous by their absence. England has, up to the present time, a war on her hands, and America is in the throes of a political struggle. Then the amiabilities of a certain section of the French Press has done much to discourage the English from visiting the French capital. Of course, this does not mean that either England or America has boycotted Paris entirely. On the contrary, a considerable number of visitors from both countries arrive daily, but their numbers are quite out of proportion to the preparations made for them.

It is therefore with increasing anxiety that the Paris tradesman has looked forward to this month and the next. The schools break up in July, the London season will soon end, and he hopes that these two facts will give a number of the desirable English visitors the necessary leisure to visit the World's Fair of 1900.

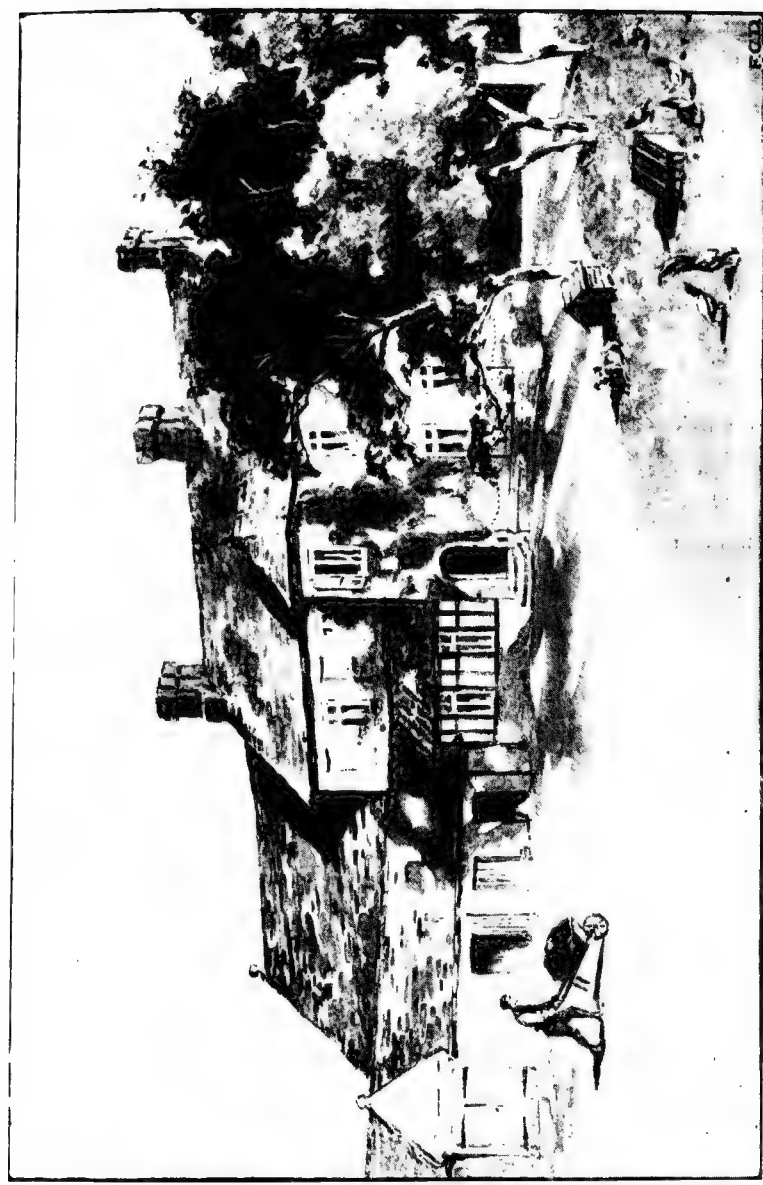
The Colonial fête, which is to be made a standing part of the programme every Wednesday evening, is not a very brilliant affair, and does not fulfil its intention of giving an object-lesson of France's greatness as a Colonial Power. Its organisers have merely gathered together the few hundred natives from Madagascar, Annam, Tonking, Dahomey, etc., and formed them into a procession, which makes the circuit of the grounds from the Trocadero to the Châteaud'Eau and back. It is much inferior in spectacular effect to what Barnum and Bailey would accomplish at any time, and does little to enhance people's ideas of France's colonies, the more so as the natives taking part in it have been somewhat spoilt by their acquaintance with civilisation, and sacrifice their dignity to the extent of pestering visitors for pennies.

## Expensive Red Tape

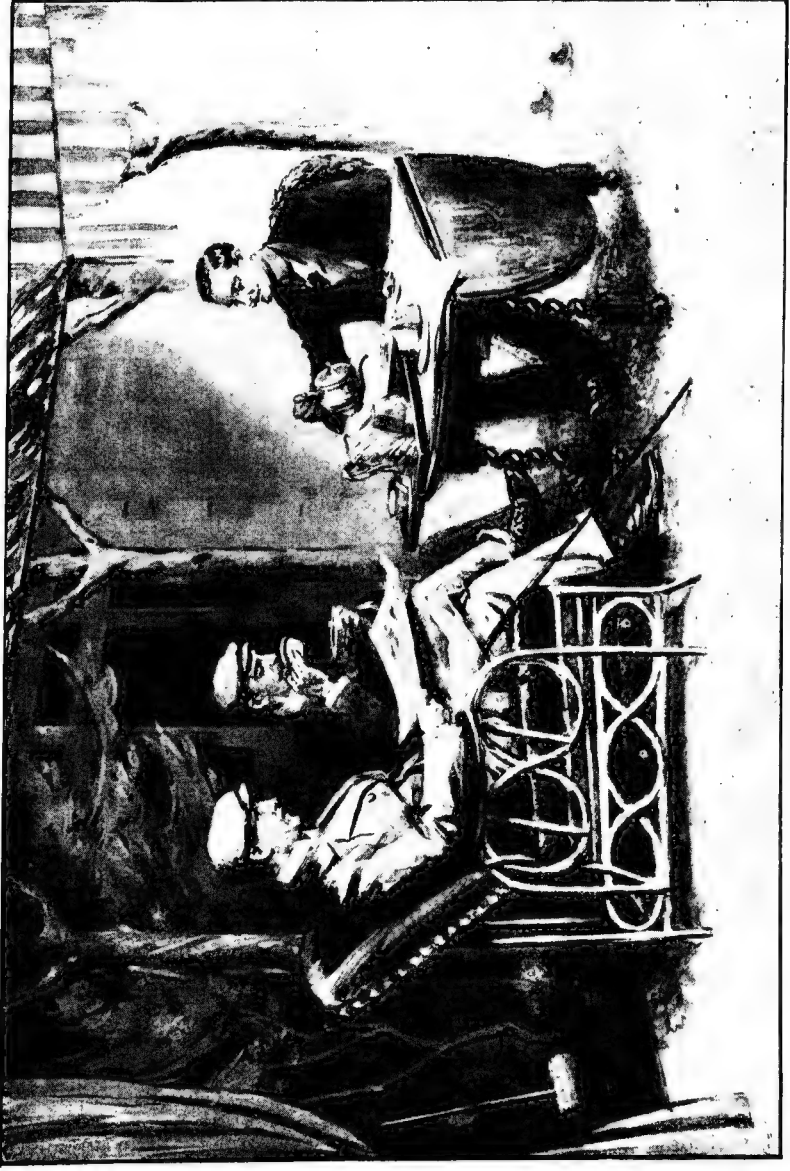
IN the accompanying illustration one notices that the sandy beach where the little nigger boys are bathing is strewn with square bales. These same bales once composed the cargo of the ss. *Doningo Larinaga*, from America. The hay was carried as deck cargo, but from the start the voyage was not a prosperous one. Heavy seas, with fierce storms of snow and sleet, occupied the first week's run, and during nearly the whole of the voyage very heavy seas were encountered, which greatly damaged the cargo. Upon arrival in Algoa Bay the military officer appointed to examine all Government goods at once condemned the whole cargo. The captain, however, managed to induce the authorities to consider the matter further, and they last appointed a committee to go on board and examine the hay properly. The result of this was that twelve bales were selected (including some of the worst that could be found) to be sent ashore and tried. These twelve bales were therefore landed and sent to the camp for the opinions of some of Her Majesty's horses and mules to be taken regarding it. Owing to its having a slight flavour of salt it was highly approved of by these sagacious animals, and their verdict was that it was quite good sound hay. Then it was agreed to accept the whole of it. The vessel set about discharging cargo, but when the first lighter landed her load the authorities (for some unexplained reason) reverted to their first decision and refused to accept it. This being so there was nothing for the captain to do but to have the hay returned to his ship. Even this would not have been so bad had he been allowed to deal with the rejected goods at his own discretion, but although he could have found a ready sale for the hay in Port Elizabeth or Cape Town, he was ordered by the authorities to go five miles out from the land and to throw his cargo overboard. This he did, with the result that now the beach for miles is strewn with bales, and inhabitants who own horseflesh are finding their forage bills considerably reduced while their horses are thriving. The value of this wasted cargo was 4,000*l.* odd. Red tape is sometimes expensive. Our photograph is by Mrs. E. Watts.



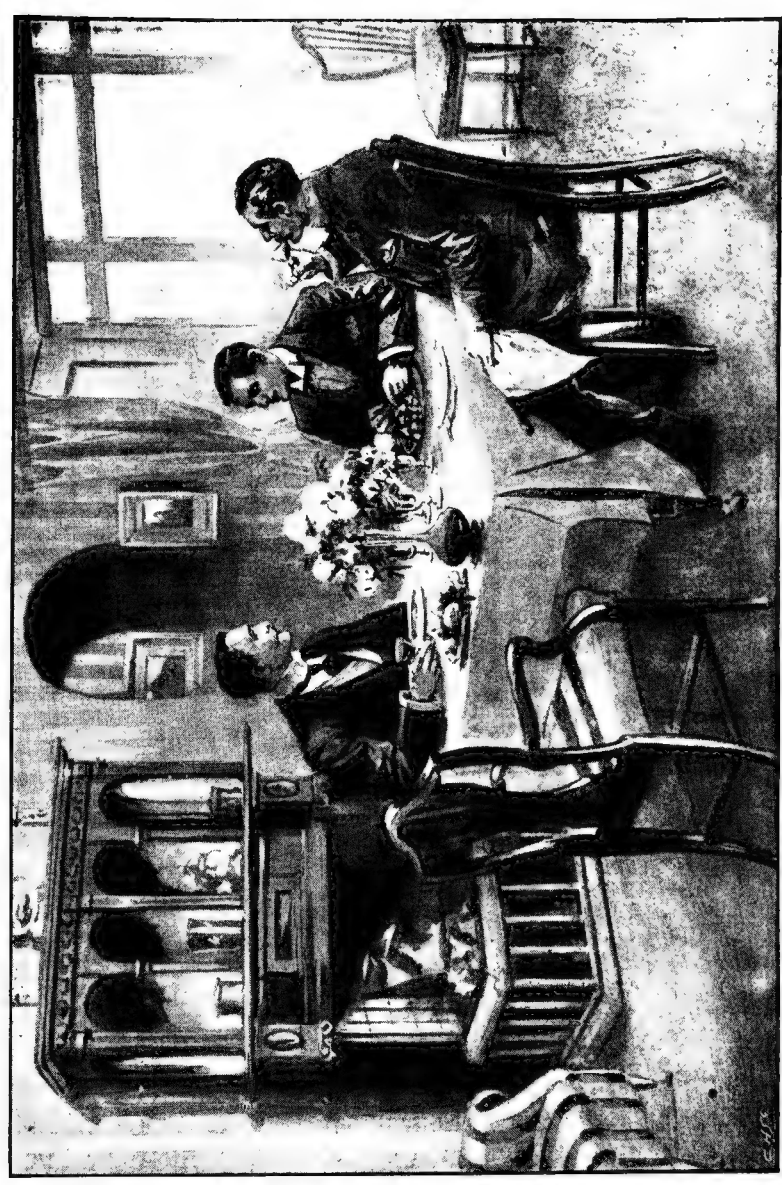
THE SMOKING-ROOM



VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR



TEA UNDER THE VERANDAH



THE DINING-ROOM

Royal interest and practical help for the sufferers from the war are unbounded, and the latest plan afoot is a home for invalided officers. The Prince and Princess of Wales have fitted up Babingley House, a charming farmhouse near Sandringham, where they will entertain as their guests convalescent officers who have no suitable home available. Colonials will have the preference as being far from their own country.

ROYAL SYMPATHY FOR OFFICERS INVALIDED FROM THE FRONT: BABINGLEY HOUSE CONVALESCENT HOME

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON



Private W. T. Ward, 1st Devon, carried off the Queen's Prize at Bisley this year, running up the record aggregate score of 341, under conditions of greater difficulty than those of last year, when Private Priaux, of Guernsey, won with the then best score of 336. Private Ward is a coach-builder in business at Okehampton, and about thirty-three years of age. He first joined the Volunteers in 1887, and has always been regarded as a very reliable shot. He had the good fortune to win the Queen's Prize in 1897. Our portrait is by Charles Knight, Aldershot

## The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

AT this period of the Session the House of Lords is accustomed to issue from the chrysalis state of torpidity into the butterfly condition of active legislation. Bills that have occupied the Commons for toilsome weeks are dumped down at the Lords' door, taken in, and promptly done for. Just now there is a lack of work for their share. Animated by deathless desire for honest labour they have been playing at legislation. A short time ago the Duke of Devonshire brought in an Education Bill, which he ingeniously remarked the Government had no intention whatever of adding to the Statute Book this Session. There it was, however, and perhaps their lordships would like to make speeches about it.

The Duke opened the game by contributing a prodigious discourse, at the end of which leave was given to bring in the Bill, and order issued that it should be printed. On Monday it came up for second reading, and noble lords, with the thermometer at eighty-five in the shade, proceeded to discuss it, just as if it were a real thing. It was thereafter read a second time, and it is quite probable that unless real measures are hurried forward from the Commons the farce will be continued of carrying it through Committee. To common people it seems an odd way of spending time, but it pleases the Peers.

Another subject which aroused much more genuine interest than slumbered round this dummy Bill was unexpectedly brought up on Tuesday. In the Commons no debate save on the motion for the adjournment of the House may be initiated without due notice, and formal entry of the business on the orders of the day. Noble lords are not hampered by any such arbitrary regulations. They may, and do, start debates on chance topics, much as walking over their estates in due season they start a hare. On Tuesday's order of the day there was no reference to the long-smouldering question of the appointment of a third clerk at the Table. This has been unfilled throughout the Session, throwing upon the first and second clerk the labour of three. The difficulty arose in connection with a disposition on the part of the Lord Chancellor to fill up the vacancy when the ordinary placid surface of the House of Lords was profoundly stirred.

A Committee, which recently sat to consider the whole question of the offices of the House of Lords, recommended that whenever vacancies occurred at the Table they should be filled up by promotion, and by recruitment from the staff of committee clerks. The Lord Chancellor's attempt to override this salutary rule was so warmly resented on his own side that even to Lord Salisbury it gave pause. But he was not to be readily disposed of. If the House of Lords would have none of his nominee he would name no other, and the vacancy would remain to the personal inconvenience of the two clerks and the discomfort of public business. Thus through the Session a deadlock has existed. On Tuesday Lord Tweedmouth took the bull by the horns, and made formal motion that the appointment should be made by the Clerk of Parliaments. The Lord Chancellor met this unexpected move by the counter proposition that the Lord Chief Justice should name someone to fill the post, he undertaking, on his part, to accept the nomination. This is an ingenious way of

letting the Lord Chancellor down lightly out of an awkward position, and there for a time the matter rests.

The House of Commons, painfully varying Charles Lamb's rule of conduct at the India Office, have this week begun work a quarter of an hour earlier, making up for it by sitting an hour or two later. For the greater part of the Session the Speaker takes the Chair at three o'clock. If there is any private business it occupies the interval up to half-past three, often trenching far beyond on the hours of public business. If there are no private Bills, the Speaker, in wig and gown, sits twiddling his thumbs till half-past three, the hour ordained for the opening of the question campaign. As private Bills are now practically disposed of, the question-time has been advanced by a quarter of an hour, whilst the Twelve o'clock Rule being suspended, the sittings may be prolonged till any hour of the night or next morning. As a rule, when one o'clock strikes members of the present Parliament have had enough of the heroic. They hastily wind up the business, and so home to bed.

There are some still amongst us who remember when to get away at one o'clock in the morning was thought to be a rare privilege. When, some twenty years ago, a House, worn out by all-night sittings, established a Standing Order directing that no opposed business should be taken after half-past twelve, there were some old stagers who thought a fatal blow was dealt at the usefulness of the House of Commons. In due time half-past twelve became midnight, and, as a rule, shortly after the stroke of that hour silence now reigns at Westminster.

## The Naval Manœuvres

THE programme for the manœuvres this year covers a longer period of active operations than usual. The three fleets of "A" more or less obviously represent the French Northern, French Mediterranean, and Russian Baltic Squadron. The torpedo flotilla of "A" is to be pitted against the destroyers of "B." The proportion between the battleships of the "A" and "B" Fleets is much that which in war would exist between the Franco-Russian and British fleets. "A" (Franco-Russian) has twelve, "B" (British) has thirteen. In actual fighting power, if this were real war, "A" would probably win, as he has the six Majestics—a host of themselves—but for manœuvre purposes all battleships, of whatever class, are supposed to be equal. "A" has four slow battleships. These are the *Sultan*, *Dreadnought*, *Edinburgh*, and *Conqueror*. The first two, though armed with muzzle-loaders, steam well.

Admiral Rawson divided his Fleet "A" into three divisions of battleships, each accompanied by cruisers, in order to undertake the hostile operations. The Second Division, under command of Captain Durnford, of the *Jupiter*, as senior officer, was sent from Berehaven to Lough Swilly, and the Third Division was despatched for its concealed rendezvous on Friday afternoon. Admiral Rawson's Division left Berehaven also, but his destination was not announced lest news might reach the "B" Fleet at Milford or Lamlash. The preliminary cruise was unaccompanied by any notable incident, but was profitably employed in steam tactics and a great deal of drill for the men, who were constantly exercised at general quarters, and "arm ship," "collision," and fire stations, and so forth.



After a most interesting race, F. D. Frost, of the Bath Road Club, repeated, at the Crystal Palace last Saturday, the victories which he gained in the Carwardine Cup 100-mile competitions in 1896 and 1898, and made the trophy, which is valued at 300 guineas, his own property. There were 14 starters. F. G. Crowley, Silverdale C.C., the holder, retired in the 42nd mile, after having slowed considerably at about 25 miles. Frost had two accidents, but rode finely, and eventually finished first in 3 hrs. 46 min. 56 3-5 sec. G. A. Olley, Anerley B.C., who broke a pedal and lost four laps soon after completing 60 miles, was second in 3 hrs. 43 min. 21 4-5 sec., and W. B. Dudden, Polytechnic C.C., third in 3 hrs. 43 min. 52 3-5 sec. Our photograph is by Russell and Sons

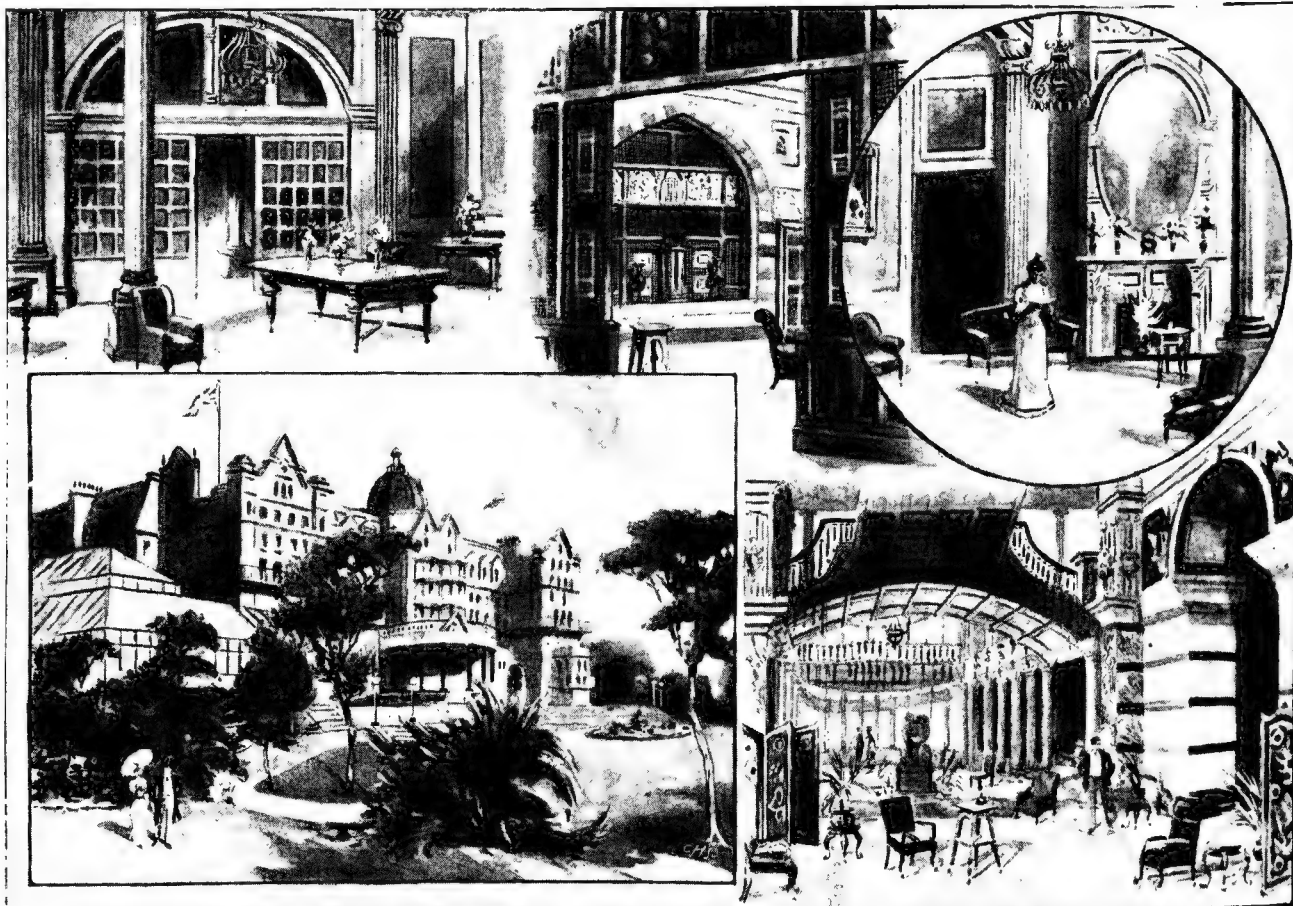
Admiral Rawson, as soon as he got to sea, very judiciously put his fleet through a series of exercises in the various signals used during a fog; and scarcely were these concluded when the ships passed for a short period through a belt of mist and drizzle, during which the previous exercises were brought to a practical and quite satisfactory test. "B" Fleet also had a very unpleasant experience in a dense fog-bank, which delayed their receipt of the Admiralty telegram announcing the declaration of war on Monday. Fifty yards from the ship's side, says a correspondent on the *Rodney*, sea and fog melted in one blank, black, impenetrable denseness. Everywhere sirens were going, and the battle squadron, nineteen ships in all, was completely blotted out.

Both fleets were scattered at the declaration of war on Monday.

Entrance to Drawing-Room

Smoking-Room

Reading-Room



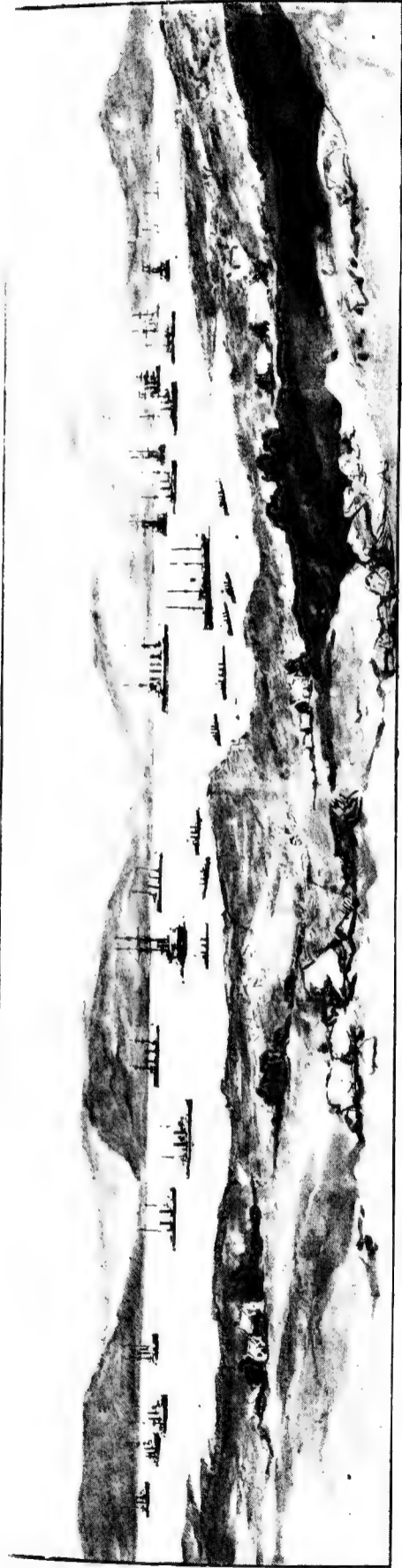
General View of the Exterior

Lounge

A handsome new hotel belonging to the Frederick Hotels Company, was opened last week at Harrogate. The Hotel Majestic, standing in its own grounds, which cover nearly ten acres, overlooks the pretty Spa Gardens, and lies within a few hundred yards of the baths and the Royal Pump-room. The building itself, which is five stories in height, faces south, and is composed mainly of red brick and yellow sandstone. A terrace 120 yards in length gives a prospect over an ample lawn with ornamental flower-beds which adjoin the Spa Gardens. The ground floor is entirely taken up with public rooms, the main idea of the architect, Mr. G. D. Martin, which has been most successfully carried out, having been to suggest a nobleman's mansion of the Georgian era. A large reception and reading room is separated by wide folding glass doors from the drawing-room. In the east wing is the dining-room, capable of accommodating more than 300 guests at once, panelled in light colours, and with a musician's gallery occupying a position on one side. Adjoining is a supper-room, which can be cut off by folding-doors, leading into a magnificent ballroom. The smoke-room, approached from the main corridor, is Egyptian in style, and the whole of the fittings, including a wonderful woodwork screen, came from the palace occupied by Arabi Pasha during his brief usurpation of authority in Egypt, and afterwards inhabited by Sir Francis Grenfell and Lord Kitchener. Beyond is a handsome billiard-room. On the same side is a winter garden, with a floor-space of 8,000 square feet, full of palms and flowers. The entire building has been decorated and furnished in admirable taste by Messrs. Maple and Co.

THE NEW HOTEL MAJESTIC, HARROGATE

at Lough Swilly, and a third far away at sea, and "B" in two divisions, one at Milford Haven and the other at Lamlash, an unfortified port. "A" at the outset had all his colliers in fortified ports. "B," on the other hand, had colliers at Lamlash, an unfortified port, and, having only one fortified port at Milford, would be compelled to make that port his sole source of coal supply, transferring his colliers thither from Lamlash as soon as he could, and running the risk of their capture on the way. The only alternative to this was to place such colliers

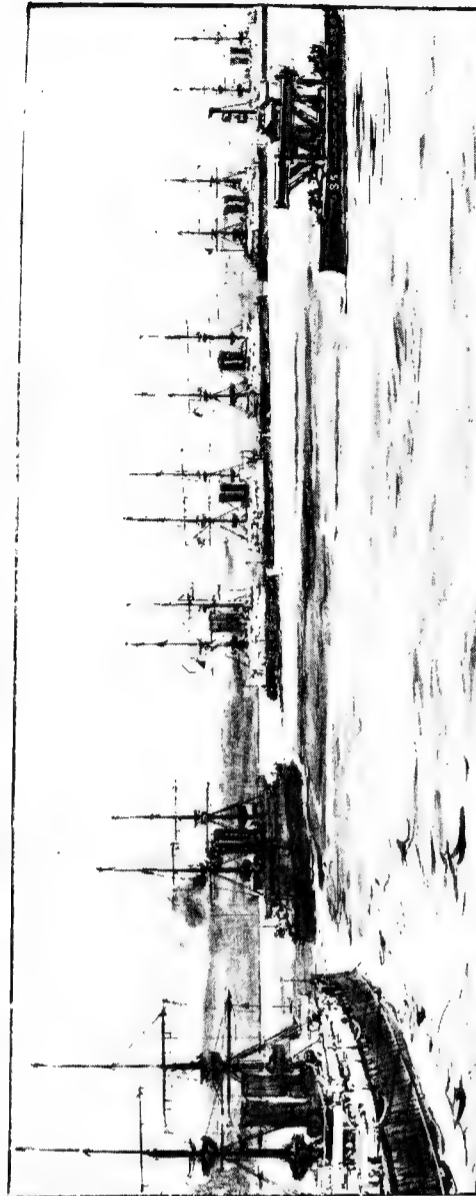


GENERAL VIEW OF THE FLEET IN BERE HAVEN

last or in some other unfortified port in his own or his enemy's territory, and in the risk of their discovery and capture, it less he detached ships for their protection. Thus the question of coal supply may exercise a marked influence on the operations. As soon as the Admiralty learnt by telegraph that all four fleets were at their base ports war was declared by a telegram sent simultaneously to all four ports, naming the hour at which hostilities were to commence. Cruisers and torpedo craft were then at once free to put to sea, but all battleships had to complete with coal before proceeding.



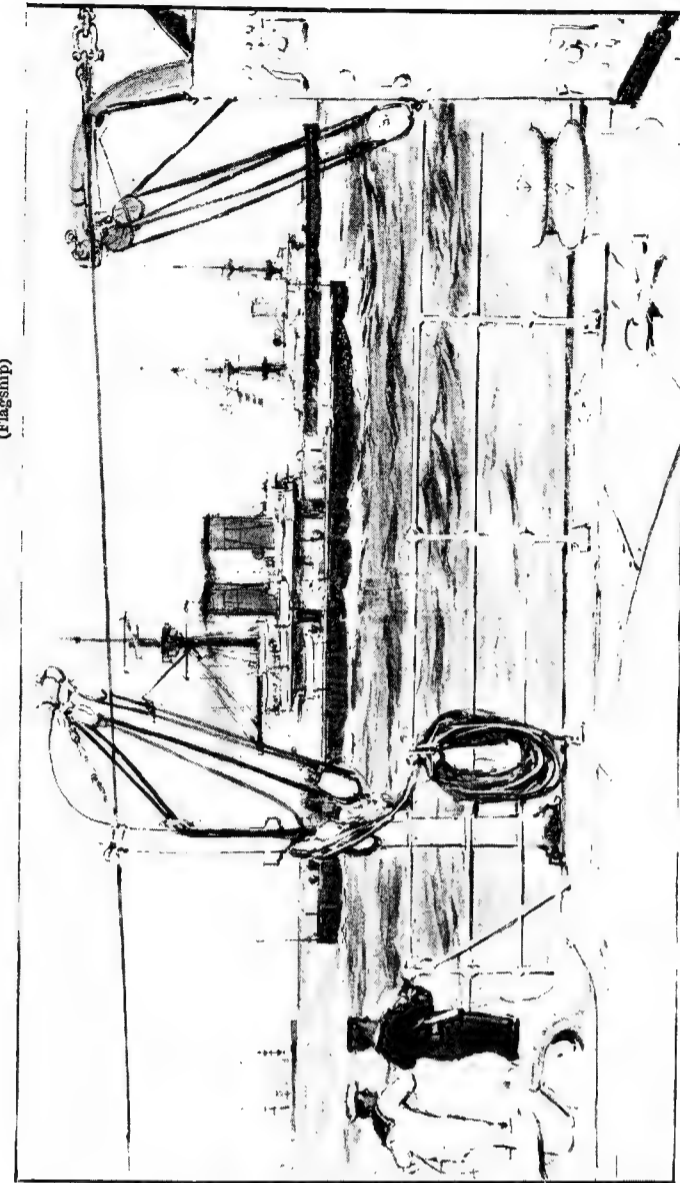
"Hannibal" "Mars" "Prince George" "Magnificent" "Sultan" "Jupiter" "Conqueror"  
FORMING DIVISIONS: LINE AHEAD



"Repulse" "Mars" "Hannibal" "Magnificent" "Jupiter" "Prince George" "Majestic"  
BATTLESHIPS OF THE "A" SQUADRON LEAVING PORTLAND HARBOUR FOR A PRELIMINARY CRUISE



"Repulse" "Sultan"  
STEAM TACTICS OFF GANTRY BAY



THE OLD AND THE NEW: "DREADNOUGHT" STEAMING BETWEEN "REPULSE" AND "MAJESTIC"

THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES

SKETCHES BY D. WATERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE "A" FLEET



DINNER TIME IN THE DE BEERS COMPOUND

The two photographs are interesting as showing that Kimberley has recovered from the effects of the siege and that business is going on again. In one photograph we see a group of natives having dinner in the De Beers Compound, and in the other, miners are shown sorting the gravel, in which they find coins,



MINERS SORTING THE GRAVEL

nails, beads, bullets, and other trifles, as well as small diamonds. Our photographs are by Lieutenant A. C. Girdwood

## AFTER THE SIEGE: KIMBERLEY AT WORK AGAIN

## A Medical Officer's Experiences in the South African Campaign—II.

By S. OSBORN

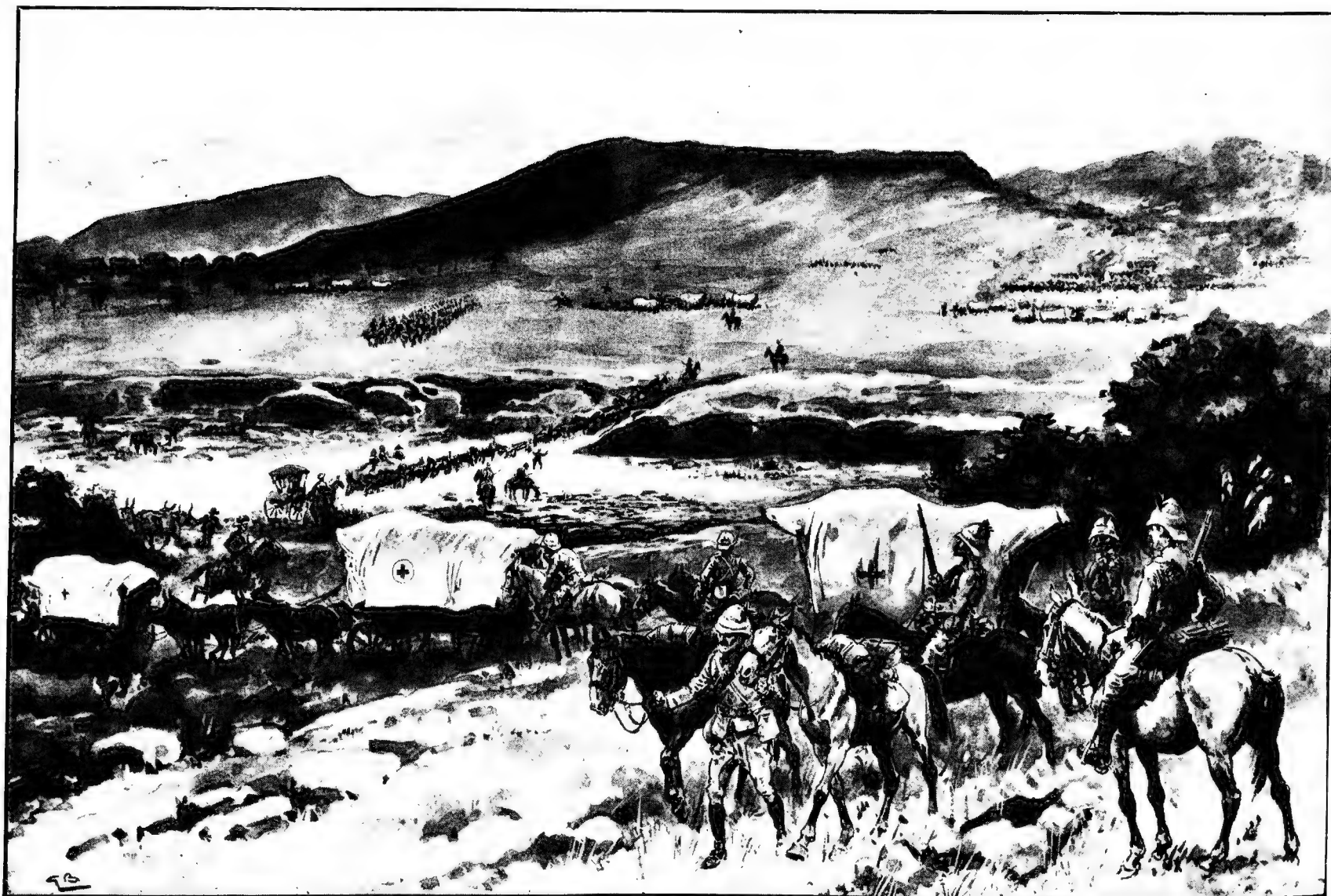
We entered Kimberley soon after its relief, and were surprised to find so few evidences of its bombardment. This was probably due to the houses having roofs composed of corrugated zinc, so that by the substituting of a new plate the damage was soon hidden away. A large hole in the photographer's opposite the Club House, with slight damage to the Club, and a corner window of the hotel close to the Town Hall, where poor Mr. Labran was killed, were the most prominent features of the bad time they had gone through. The Boers must have been very bad shots, as the Conning Tower

on the De Beers mine afforded an excellent mark, which they, from beginning to end, failed to hit. In the Park here remains, for future posterity to admire, the marvellous gun called "Long Cecil," made by Mr. Labran, the engineer at the De Beers works. It has been examined by regimental experts, who always admire it, and wonder at the excellent rifling of the interior, and can hardly credit that it was the work of a man who had never made a gun before. If anyone deserved praise for what he did for Kimberley during the siege he did. Some miscreant in the town sent up a rocket to inform the Boers the night of his funeral, and they fired into the funeral ground the whole time it was taking place.

Through the kindness of Captain Penfold, R.N., I was made an honorary member of the Kimberley Club, and this kindness, as well as the courtesy of Captain Tyson, the secretary, will never be forgotten by any of us who made it our home for days and days together.

Showing how small the world is, I met here two old friends of the old London Brigade of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers—Mr. Adams, resident in the town, and Dr. J. Williams, P.M.O., of the South Australian Contingent—so we, of course, celebrated the event with the usual dinner. One thing at this club at first gave me the jumps before I got used to it. It was seeing a long black head and arm come stealthily into my bedroom in the early morning to remove or return my boots. A peculiarity of this club was the enormous glass tumblers, holding, I should think, about half a gallon, and the favourite beverage appeared to be shandygaff. That an individual at one meal could put away the contents of three of these appeared to me next door to the miraculous.

A Cape cart had been bought by Mr. Murray Guthrie for the use of our hospital, and we found it very useful for getting about the town. A good many people who have never been to South



DRAW BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

Our Special Artist, describing the crossing of the Vaal River, writes:—"The sun was setting behind the hills blackened by grass fires on the further side of the river, and the vast grassy slope below was dotted with long black lines of waggons, animals bivouacking, the blue smoke of their camp fires rising straight in the air; but on our bank there still stood two long columns of transport waggons awaiting their turn to

cross. Long after the sun had set and left the sparkling lights of the camp fires and the flickering light of the burning grass beyond to break the dusk, I could hear the rattle and crash of the wheels in the stony drift and the harsh yells of the drivers"

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.

## GENERALS FRENCH AND HUTTON CROSSING THE VAAL INTO TRANSVAAL TERRITORY

## EXTREME OBESITY IS BECOMING A THING OF THE PAST.

### INCREASING POPULARITY OF AN EFFECTUAL CURE.

Many of our readers are, doubtless, familiar with the nature of the extraordinary revolution in the cure of obesity which, within recent years, has been effected by the original researches of that now eminent Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It is the certainty, the rapidity, and the agreeable results of his curative process have been the cause of a very large degree among ladies and gentlemen belonging to the highest social circles, and who have an opportunity of judging from the pages of society papers and the columns of the general employment of the treatment, extreme obesity is no longer a thing of the past at fashion, but is regarded as nearly as disgraceful. An eighteenth edition of the author's convincing little text-book, "Corpulence: The Cure," however, serves to remind us that the popularity of the system has now reached a more remote from those of West End. The book of 256 pages may be had for four penny stamps to Mr. Russell's address, and it is worth the careful attention of those who wish to free themselves of a burden which is not only because it is unseemly and adds to the apparent age of the sufferer—but extreme obesity terribly interferes with the necessary, in these days of competition, the way in the world, or even to earn a modest competency. A large proportion of the most of Mr. Russell's grateful correspondents, their delight at being enabled—within a very period and without any irksome conditions of semi-starvation—to attack their accumulated fat with pleasure instead of wearied distaste, being reduced to their normal weight, the popularity of the system is also largely due to the English hatred of mystery, which is swept aside by Mr. Russell. He fully explains his modus operandi and supplies the recipe for preparation.—*Bicester Herald*.

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Tourists are requested to apply for any information to the Deputy Town Clerk, Town Hall, Ripon.

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HOTEL, Tintagel, Cornwall; 300 feet above sea. Magnificent Cliff and Ocean Scenery, Golf Links, Electric Light, Hot and Cold Sea-water Baths, Station, Camelford. Terms excessively moderate.

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Moderate charges. Electric light. Electric lifts. Grounds over 5 acres. Adjoining Golf Links. Special services of express trains from Paddington, G.W.R.

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PLAY, 1900.—Full illustrated description of Oberammergau, its Play, and the Bavarian Highlands, with itineraries of tours organised by Dr. Lunn and Mr. Perowne. POST FREE. SECRETARY, 6 ENDSLEIGH GARDENS, LONDON, N.W.

**SPA, BELGIUM.—12 hours from London.** SUMMER SEASON. CASINO, Theatre and Concerts, Racing, Pigeon Shooting, Regattas, Cycling, &c. Finest Baths in Europe. Sure cure for Anæmia and weakness. For details apply—M. JULES CREHAY, Secretary, CASINO, SPA.

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"The most perfect-fitting made."—*Observer*. Gentlemen desirous of Purchasing Shirts of the Best Quality should try FORD'S EUREKA.

**OLD SHIRTS Re-fronted, Wrist and Collar Banded, Fine Linen, Three for 6s. 6d.; Superior, 8s.; Extra Fine, 9s. 6d. Send three (not less). Must be prepaid.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Foultry, London.**

**NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, RHEUMATISM, and PAIN and WEAKNESS in the BACK,** speedily relieved and cured by HALE'S IMPROVED ELECTRIC BELT, ONE and TWO GUINEAS. Medical References, Pamphlets and Consultations free.  
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Kills Fleas, Bugs, Moths, Beetles.  
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**NEW BELLOWS** 9d., Tins 3d. 6d. 1/-

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Kills Fleas, Bugs, Moths, Beetles (Harmless to everything but Insects). Sold in tins, 3d., 6d., and 1s.; also in the new filled Bellows, 9d.

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## THE OBJECTS OF THIS OLD-ESTABLISHED COMPANY are:

The Treatment of DECAYED TEETH

By the most Approved Principles of Preservation, including Tooth-Crowning, Gold Filling, &c.

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No Fee for Consultation.

Illustrated Book post free from the Secretary.

## THE DAVOS INVALIDS' HOME.

DAVOS DORF, SWITZERLAND.

(Founded in 1884.)

## PATRONESS: H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

The object of the Home is to provide the advantages of the climate of the High Alps for ladies and gentlemen of limited means suffering from the early stages of consumption and of diseases of the chest, who might, by a timely visit to Davos, be restored to health, but who cannot afford the heavy expenses usually incurred at hotels. Admission is restricted to cases likely to derive considerable and permanent benefit from climatic treatment.

The institution is conducted by an English Lady Superintendent on the lines of English home life and without any denominational restrictions. The payments made by the patients (at present 4 to 4½ francs a day) include board and residence, medical attendance and nursing, the only extras being medicine and personal laundry expenses.

Applicants can obtain the necessary forms from the HON. SEC., DR. WM. EWART, 33, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, W.

DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Owing to the limited accommodation the applications have far exceeded the vacancies. The Committee therefore urgently appeal for funds to enable them to provide the additional space which is required, and to extend to a greater number the benefits of the Home.

Subscriptions may be sent to the Honorary Secretary, or to WILLIAMS DEACON and MANCHESTER AND SALFORD BANK, 20, BIRCHIN LANE, E.C. or 2, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W., and will be thankfully acknowledged.

## CENTRAL LONDON THROAT AND EAR HOSPITAL, GRAY'S INN ROAD.

PATRON:

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G.

Over 8,000 new Out-patients, involving 50,000 separate attendances, and 300 In-patients are annually relieved. Entirely free to the necessitous poor without Letter of Recommendation. At the present time there are liabilities amounting to £5,000 and contributions towards diminishing the debt will be thankfully received.

Bankers, BARCLAY and CO.  
Secretary, RICHARD KERSHAW.



Major Daly, R.A.M.C., who was captured by Boers at Dundee with his hospital, which contained the late General Penn Symons, is here feeding two Boer lambs, which were presented to him by General E. Howard, and go by the names of Violet and May. Our photograph is by Lieutenant E. B. Knox, R.A.M.C.

A MEDICAL OFFICER AND HIS PETS

Africa wonder what a Cape cart is like. It is peculiar to the place, and peculiar in bruising your legs in places as you get in and out. A Cape cart is a two-wheeled chaise, with a hood to it, driven by a pair of horses. It has seating accommodation for four people, three besides the driver; I should say, perhaps, in addition to the driver, as only one sits beside the driver. To get to the back seat one-half of the front seat turns up, which is grasped by the driver, whilst the two back-seat passengers get in. The front seat then drops into its place to receive the third passenger. It is rather a puzzle to explain as it is to get in it or out, at all events without knocking your head or tearing your clothes or barking your shins. There are in Cape Town a few jinrickshaws, drawn by running Kaffirs. I was courageous enough to ride in one, although I felt like a member of a hippodrome, for my horse looked like Beelzebub the Prince of the Devils, with a pair of buffalo horns fastened on his head, and with bells and fur trappings hung about his body.

Being in the city of diamonds, one naturally wished to see one in the rough, and to visit the famous diamond mines of De Beers. A rough diamond is very much like a piece of gum arabic. Properly equipped in an old slouch hat, and a long miner's coat to protect our clothes from the mud and wet, we descended the shaft of the De Beers mine. It was quite cold going down after leaving the hot weather above ground. The depth of the mine is 1,720 feet. The narrow cage took us first of all to the 1,200 feet level in twenty seconds. This cage, capable of holding ten or twelve persons, is worked alongside of the double up

and down shoot, which brings up the blue mould containing the diamonds. It was rather like a descent into the infernal regions, from the number of black people working down there. They do eight hours' duty at a time, and have sixteen hours off. It was by means of this cage that over a thousand women and children were taken during the siege, ten or twelve at a time, down into the mine, some never to return, as many young children and babies died down there, from want of proper food and absence of milk. The extent of the mine even above ground is very large, because the blue mould, when brought above ground, has to remain some months on the surface exposed to the air to soften before washing and pounding. The final process, where the earth passes with the running water over greased paddles, was very interesting, as one could see the diamonds adhering to the grease. Great precautions are adopted to prevent the negroes, many of whom are convicts, from stealing the diamonds. The native compound was covered with netting to prevent them throwing anything to the outside world. The best time to visit them in this their home is on Sunday afternoon, when they sing, dance, swim, play cards, and generally amuse themselves. To steal diamonds they will pop them into all sorts of places. One man made a wound in his leg, and tried to hide them there, and the doctor could not make out why it would not heal, and it was only on probing the wound that the diamonds were found at the bottom. Sometimes they swallow them. So to be even with them in this way, before they are allowed out for a holiday they are shut up in a room in solitary confinement for a week. I was very desirous of procuring a champagne-coloured diamond, which are somewhat rare. It was perhaps as well I did not, as the regulations about buying diamonds in the town are so rigorous that great trouble and many legal formalities are necessary to effect a purchase. Before leaving the mine I had one of the shells used during the siege, and marked "With compliments, C. J. Rhodes," given me, and which is now serving the purpose of a door-weight.

We drove over one day to visit the battlefield of Moddersfontein, and a more interesting and agreeable day I have never spent. Standing on the top of the main kopje, where a large gun had been placed, it was quite evident that the place was impregnable to any frontal attack, and that the situation could only have been taken by turning either right or left flank. The trenches in front, protected by thorn bushes, and ranged tier above tier, fully accounted for the lines of fire described by our men. How heroically they fought was evident by the marks upon almost every boulder and rock, each having some six or eight white blots on them from the hail of bullets which must have fallen in that direction. In one place, where the smell was too terrible for words, were lying some hundreds of horses in heaps of tens, one on the top of another. As they were killed in so confined a space I concluded it must have been lyddite which was the cause of this wholesale slaughter. I picked up several mementoes of my visit, the saddest of all being a blood-stained cartridge case which had belonged to some poor fellow of the Highland Brigade, and which I found near the spot where General Wauchope fell. Plenty of leaden shot and pieces of shell strewn the ground, and some excellent tin boxes and trunks were still lying about on the site of the old Boer laager. Some sheets from illustrated German papers and some leaves from a Dutch Bible, 2 Sam., chap. xi., containing the history of Uriah the Hittite, I also brought away with me.

(To be continued)



THAMES ROWING CLUB TROPHY

## Memorial Trophy to the Late Mr. James Hastie

A VERY handsome solid silver trophy has been subscribed for by members of the Thames Rowing Club in memory of their old captain, the late Mr. James Hastie, and given by them to the Molesey B.C. as a challenge cup in the race known as the Garrick Pairs. The cup is now on view at the showrooms of the designers and manufacturers, the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, W.

## BANK HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

THE LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY Co. announce that Cheap Excursions will be run as follows:— Every Wednesday until September 26, to Abergavenny, Aberystwyth, Bangor, Barmouth, Bettws-y-Coed, Carmarthen, Carnarvon, Conway, Harlech, Hereford, Holyhead, Holywell, Llanberis, Llandrindod Wells, Llandudno, Rhyl, Shrewsbury, Swansea, Welshpool, &c. Every Thursday until September 27, to Birkenhead, Blackpool, Chester, the English Lake District, Liverpool, Morecambe, &c. Every Friday midnight until September 28, to

Douglas, via Liverpool. Every Saturday morning until September 29, to Douglas, via Fleetwood (from Euston only). On Thursdays, August 2, 16, and 30, and Fridays, September 14 and 28, to Dublin, Cork, Galway, Killybegs, Limerick, Sligo, Wexford, Wicklow, and other places in South and West of Ireland. On Friday nights, August 3, 17, and 31, September 14 and 28, to Belfast, Downpatrick, Londonderry, Newcastle (Co. Down), Portrush, and other places in North of Ireland. To Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Arbroath, Dundee, Gourrock, Greenock, Inverness, Loch Awe, Moffat, Montrose, Nairn, Oban, Peebles, Perth, Stirling, Wigtown, and other places in Scotland.

THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY COMPANY are announcing that by their Royal Mail Route via Newhaven, Dieppe and Rouen, a Special 14-day excursion to Paris Exhibition will be run from London by the Special Express Day Service on August 4, and also by the Express Night Service, August 3 to 6. Cheap Return Tickets to Caen for Normandy and Brittany will also be issued August 2, 3, and 4, by the direct route, via Newhaven, available for return any week-day within 14 days. Cheap Return Tickets to Dieppe will be issued on August 3 to 6, available for return on any day up to and including the following Wednesday.

THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY will issue cheap tickets to Brussels available for eight days via Harwich and Antwerp. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning. Tickets at cheap fares will be issued by the Antwerp route to Berne from the 25th to the 28th inst. For visiting The Hague, Amsterdam, and other parts of Holland, the Rhine, North and South Germany, and Bale for Switzerland, special facilities are offered via the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal British Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route, through carriages being run to Amsterdam, Berlin, Cologne, and Bale; also Restaurant Car on the North and South German Express Trains to and from the Hook of Holland.

# Mappin & Webb's

Ltd.

## STERLING SILVER & PRINCE'S PLATE

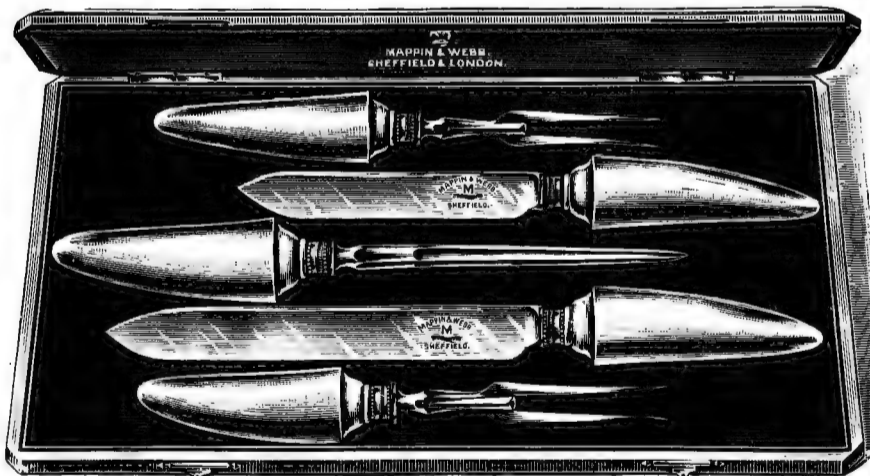
(Regd. 71,552)

"Prince's Plate" is guaranteed to retain its splendid appearance and we like Silver for 30 Years.

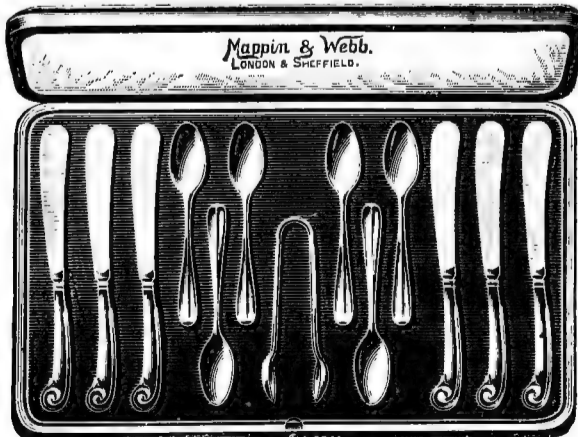


Sterling Silver Richly Chased "Acorn" Salt Cellars.  
Case of Two .. .. . £2 2 0  
" Four .. .. . 3 15 0  
" Six .. .. . 5 5 0

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST  
POST FREE.



Massive Elephant Tusk Handles, with Sterling Silver Ferrules.  
Pair 9-inch Meat Carvers and Steel, in Case .. .. . £2 15 0  
Pair 8-inch Meat Carvers, Pair Game Carvers and Steel, in Case .. .. . 4 4 0



Case of 6 Sterling Silver-handled Afternoon Tea Knives, 6 Sterling Silver Afternoon Tea Spoons, and Sugar Tongs .. .. . £4 15 0

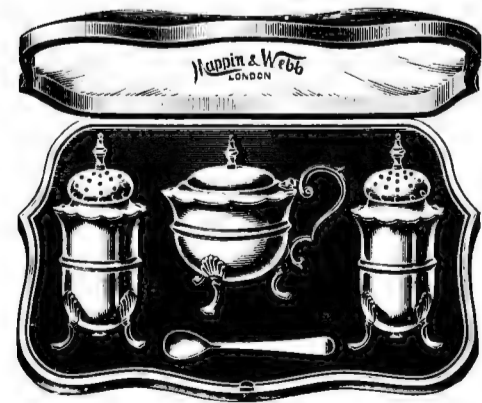


Sterling Silver Sugar Basin and Sifter, Richly Chased after Briot, complete in Morocco Case, lined Silver Velvet, £6 6s. The same in Sterling Silver Gift Case, £3 17 6

GOODS SENT TO THE COUNTRY ON  
APPROVAL.



Richly Cut Glass Powder Jar and two Scent Bottles, with Sterling Silver Handsome Chased Mounts; complete in Morocco Velvet Case, £3 17 6



James I. Sterling Silver Mustard Pot and Spoon and two Muffineers, in Morocco Case, £4 5s.

The Public supplied by the Actual Makers at Manufacturers' Wholesale Cash Prices, saving all Intermediate Profits.

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**158 to 162 OXFORD ST.**  
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CITY (Facing the Mansion House)—  
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The Genuine Brandy.  
Bottled in Cognac.

# HENNESSY'S THREE STAR BRANDY

Messrs. Jas. Hennessy  
& Co. are the Largest  
Shippers in the World of  
Bottled Brandy.

ALL GOODS SOLD AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

DESIGNS ARE EXACT SIZE AND ALL GOODS SENT FREE AND SAFE BY POST. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF NOVELTIES IN JEWELLERY, SILVER, AND ELECTRO-PLATE (4000 ILLUSTRATIONS) POST FREE.

**SPECIAL**—THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, Ltd., 6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, W.C. Give Highest Prices for Precious Stones.  
Second-hand Jewellery and Old Gold. Anything sent to them receives attention by Return of Post. An Assortment of Second-hand Goods always in Stock.

**Best Gold Brooch, 18 ct. and Head, £1 15s.; with Ruby or Sapphire, £1 7s. 6d.; or with Pearl, £1 6s.**

**New Ruby and Diamond Pendant, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 Ruby, £6 15s.; or, with Diamond Centre, £6 15s. Larger sizes, £12 15s., £15 15s., £25 10s., and £35 10s. Choice whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £5 5s.**

**18 ct. Gold Ring, £1 15s. 6d. lighter make, £1 1s.**

**New Moonstone interchangeable Brooch, and Diamond Bangle and £3 3s.**

**All Brilliants.**

**18 ct. Gold Ball Scarf Pin, 15s. 6d.**

**Choice Brilliant Cluster Pendant, forming also Brooch, Bracelet, or Hair Ornament, £9s. Others in stock up to £500.**

**Fine Diamond Pendant, £35.**

**New Arrow and Tie Brooch or Hair Ornament, Set with Choice Brilliants, £52.**

**New Double Heart Brooch containing 13 Rubies or Sapphires, Brilliants, £6 15s.**

**Pendant or Brooch Choice White Brilliants, £35.**

**New Diamond of Hearts, Ruby whole Pearl.**

**Brooch, Centres and Sapphire, ends, £4 4s.**

**Choice Brilliant Half-Hoop Bracelet £52 10s.**

**New Best Gold Bracelet, containing 13 Brilliants and 3 Rubies or Sapphires £8 17s. 6d.**

**A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF HEAD ORNAMENTS IN STOCK.**

**Heart Pendant, Brilliants. Other sizes in Can be Emerald, Ruby, or Centre.**

**choice White £35. stock up to £105. made with Pearl, Sapphire**

**Diamond and Enamel Pike Scarf Pin, £4 15s. All Gold, 35s.**

**Trout, Perch, Salmon, and Salmon Trout, same prices.**

**THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELLERS AND SILVERSMITHS, LTD.,**  
DIAMOND CUTTING FACTORY: AMSTERDAM. 6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "RUSPOLI, LONDON."  
OUR EXHIBIT AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1900 WILL BE FOUND IN THE BRITISH SECTION, GROUP XV., FIRST FLOOR.

## Wines of Bad Vintages are Injurious to Health.

**Only Good Vintage Wines  
should be bought.**

The question of Vintages is one of the utmost importance, and goes far beyond the mere matter of taste. In the case of bad or doubtful Vintages, either the grapes never ripened thoroughly, or, owing to mildew, the Wines are unsound.

WRITE FOR complete calendars of vintages, based on the universally accepted verdict of Connoisseurs—clearly distinguishing the good from the bad and indifferent vintages.

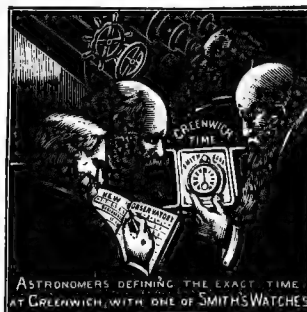
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**HATCH, MANSFIELD & Co., Ltd.,**  
The Leading Vintage Wine MERCHANTS,  
1, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

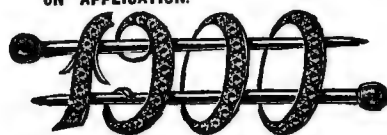
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Watchmakers to the Admiralty,  
9, STRAND,  
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ON APPLICATION.



**OUR 1900 BROOCH**

Registered No. 550,921.

35 Clear Set Diamonds and 2 Whole Pearls, in Fine Gold Mounting. Splendid Value and Very Strong.

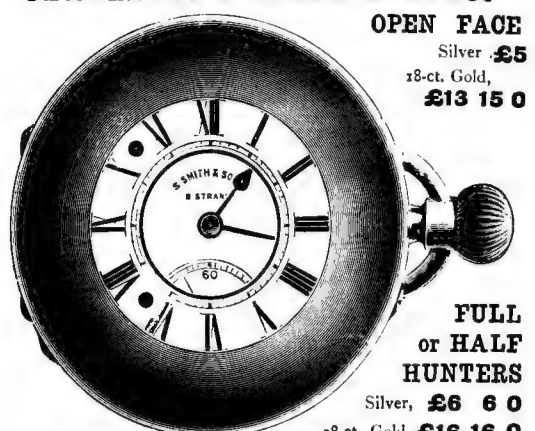
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All our Watches and Jewellery can be had upon "The Times" Encyclopedia System of Payment by Monthly Instalments.

Full particulars and a copy of our Book "E" "Guide to the Purchase of a Watch" will be sent post free on Application.

Record, New Observatory for 1899, 88.7 marks out of a possible 100.

Our Exhibit at the Paris Exhibition is in Group 15, British Section.



**OPEN FACE**

Silver, £5

18-ct. Gold, £13 15 0

**FULL or HALF HUNTERS**

Silver, £6 6 0

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**SPECIAL "STRAND" WATCH.**

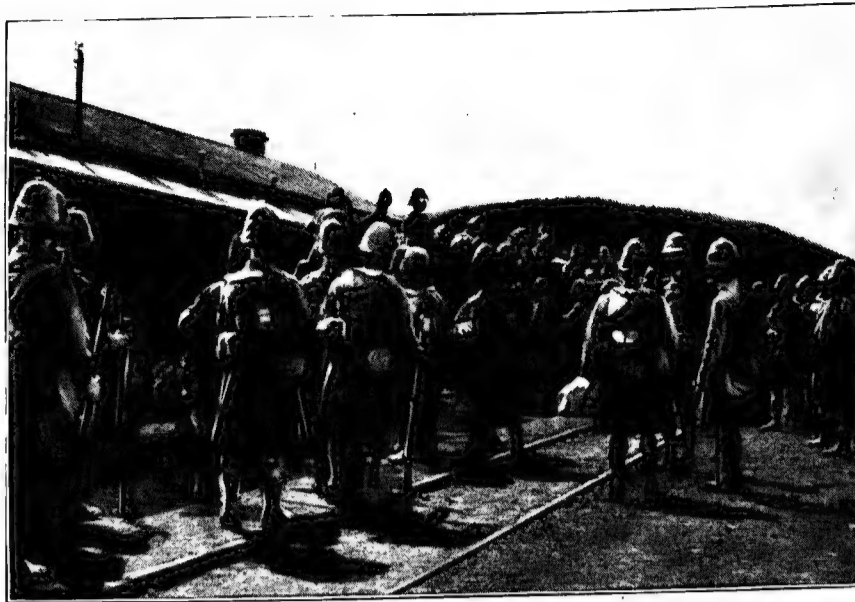
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3-plate Lever Movement, Half-Chronometer, Compensated Balance, Fully Jewelled, Heavy Cases. Watch for hard wear. With our Registered Cap, preventing damage from Dust or Damp.

**NON-MAGNETIC, £1 1 0 EXTRA.**  
**ONLY MAKERS OF THIS WATCH.**

## New Novels

## "THE PRISON HOUSE"

THE most prominent feature of the present phase of fiction is the unprecedented number of novels by *débutants*. It is as impossible to decide to whom to give precedence as to select, on any principle but that of chance, a number in a lottery. Having lighted upon "The Prison House," by Jane Jones (Blackwood and Sons), we can only say that if this be a sample of the immense mass of work as yet unknown to fame, the novel readers of the early twentieth century have a very good time before them. It is true that Jane Jones has not hit upon a subject so wholly new as the look of her name upon a title-page. It is the story of a couple wrongly paired, and the consequent ruin of four lives. But there will be always plenty to say about that for many a century to come; and if we have not been given a new situation, we have certainly been given a new couple. Indeed, novelty of portraiture is likely to be this authoress's most distinctive point; the eccentricities of the Uptons, for example, are so very eccentric that we doubt if imagination would have ventured so far without some help from reality. Her weak point is



THE CAMERONS EXTRAINING AT BURGERSDORP

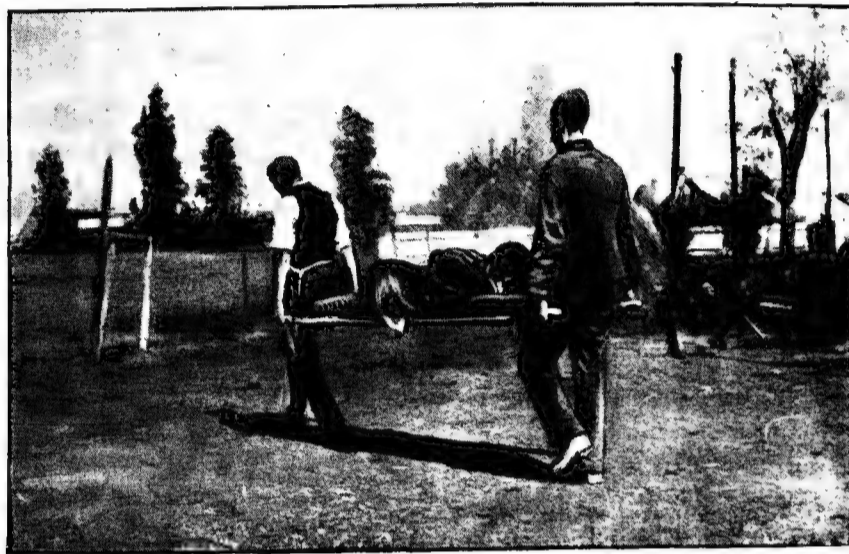
unquestionably deficiency in humour; by which we do not mean a mere sense of the ridiculous or a turn—which must not be allowed to become a mannerism—for wit in word play. These she has; but she never seems to reach the deeper spring. None the less she has so much in the way of equipment that if she fails to come to the front we shall be disappointed and surprised.

## "A MAN: HIS MARK"

Mr. W. C. Morrow's "A Man: His Mark" (Grant Richards), has at any rate the merit of originality. Not that originality is always a merit—it is often enough very much the reverse: but Mr. Morrow has a really new story to tell, and he tells it in a fresh and effective way. Having got over the inevitably awkward process of bringing his man, and his woman, strangers to one another, into an otherwise unbroken and impenetrable mountain solitude, the tragedy of their antipathetic natures—none the less tragic for the transformation of antipathy into passion—is developed by remarkably skilful touches. The two are as strongly contrasted as a man and woman can be—she taking all and giving nothing, until she gives all when it is too late to give anything; he sacrificing himself for her, out of pure chivalry, even after his discovery



ASSISTING A WOUNDED MAN TO THE LANGMAN HOSPITAL, BLOEMFONTEIN



CARRYING WOUNDED TO THE LANGMAN HOSPITAL, BLOEMFONTEIN

The Langman Field Hospital has been doing good work in South Africa. Our photographs were taken by Mr. Archie L. Langman, the head of the Hospital

## A VOLUNTEER HOSPITAL IN SOUTH AFRICA

# Pears

Matchless  
for the  
Complexion

## Hints for Young Housewives.

### FIRST.

When buying Corn Flour, always ask specially for Brown & Polson's Patent Corn Flour because it goes furthest and makes the best Blanc-manges and Puddings. For nearly two generations it has grown steadily in favour, and has always been "The Recognised Best."

### SECOND.

When baking, use Brown & Polson's Paisley Flour. When mixed one part with six to eight parts of ordinary flour, it does away with the use of yeast and baking powder, and makes a light and beautifully raised loaf or cake. It makes baking easy and rapid, and saves much anxiety on baking day.

# BROWN & POLSON'S

"PATENT" Corn Flour

The Recognised Best.

Paisley Flour

For Easy Baking.

EDWARDS'

# "HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR

THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER.

The Finest Dressing, specially prepared and delicately perfumed.  
A LUXURY AND A NECESSITY TO EVERY MODERN TOILET.

"Harlene" Produces Luxuriant Hair. Prevents it Falling Off and Turning Grey. Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache. The World-Renowned Remedy for Baldness. For Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair Beautifully Soft; for Removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c.; also for Restoring Grey Hair to its Original Colour.



Monsieur Philosophow is commanded by

**HER MAJESTY  
THE QUEEN OF GREECE**

to forward cheque for the six bottles of "Harlene" duly received.  
Crown Prince's Palace, Athens, Greece.

**H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE**

writes: Messrs. Edwards' Preparation, "Harlene" for the Hair, has given entire satisfaction.

Palace of Prince Royal, Athens.

**H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SPARTA**

requires six bottles of Edwards' "Harlene" for the Hair sent per Express Parcels Post.

Canea, Crete.

**H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE**

HIGH COMMISSIONER OF CRETE,

writes: Please forward three bottles of "Harlene" for the Hair at once.

**H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF SPARTA**

writes: I enclose cheque in settlement of account for "Harlene."

Esterhazy Utoxa, 30, Suda-Pest.

**H.R.H. PRINCESS HOHENLOHE**

writes: Please send me three bottles of "Harlene" for the Hair by return.

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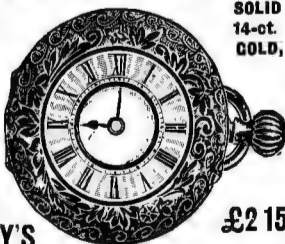


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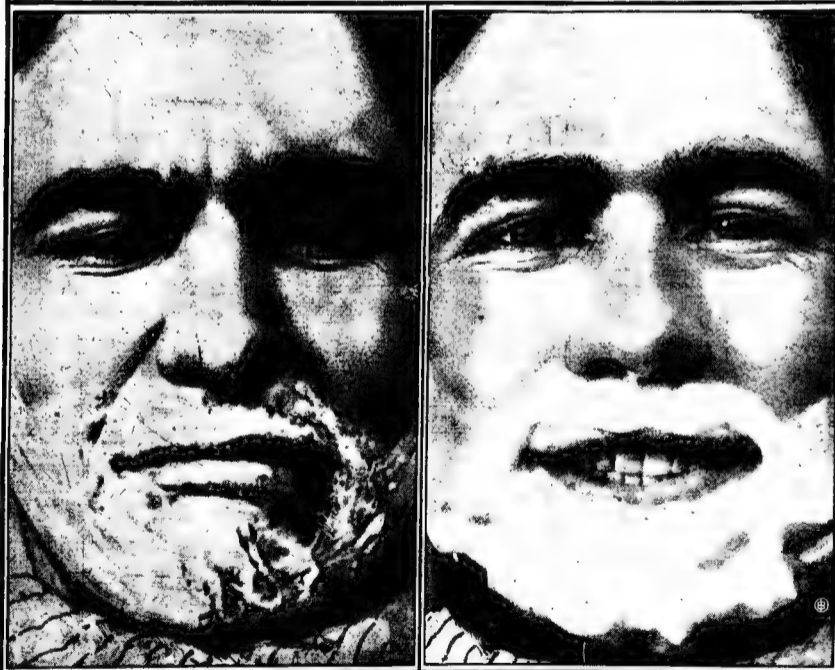
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Now—take almost any other soap. Note the thin, frothy lather. See how quickly it dries. How your razor "pulls." How your face smart and itches. How dry the skin feels. Then you will appreciate the force of the illustration above, and will understand why ninety-nine men out of every hundred insist upon Williams' Shaving Soap.

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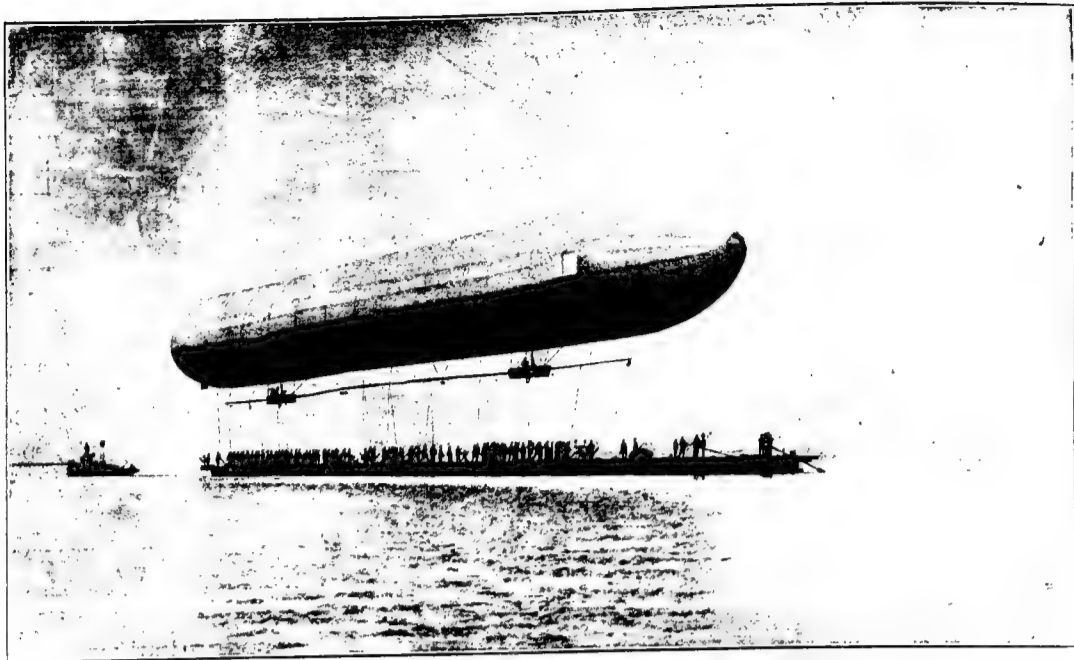
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**The J. B. WILLIAMS' CO., 64 Gt. Russell St., LONDON, W. C., or 161 Clarence St., SYDNEY. Chief Offices and Laboratories—GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.**

that she had been the curse of his life before he had known her. Hers is the weakness that passes for strength; his the strength that is taken for weakness. The story is too miserable from first to last to give pleasure; but it is interesting from beginning to end.

#### "THE VANISHING OF TERA"

Tera was a Polynesian princess, who had been sent to England in charge of a missionary to study civilisation. While living with her guardian, the pastor of a congregation in a little south coast village, it was certain that she was murdered; but why? and by whom? These questions are the subjects of Mr. Fergus Hume's novel (F. V. White and Co.), and first-rate sport they afford. Every notable character in the story falls under probable suspicion—even the "policeman in the case;" and when one mystery is solved it is only to plunge the readers into another and a deeper. Fortunately, the reader's sympathies will not be engaged so as to interfere with his impartial ingenuity; for there is not a pleasant person in the story, and not more than one or two who are anything but detestable. Still they could not have been better chosen for their purpose, which is simple mystification; and from this point of view the novel could not possibly have been improved. The smallest point is made to tell, and the cheap and commonplace trick of introducing sham points to throw the reader off the scent is laudably avoided. Patrons of detective fiction cannot do better than make



THE BALLOON ANCHORED TO THE PONTOON

straight for "The Vanishing of Tera." They will thoroughly enjoy themselves.

#### "THE DEVIL AND THE INVENTOR"

Mr. Austin Fryers tells the story (C. Arthur Pearson) of a wager between the devil—the downright visible devil of mediæval legend, part bogey, part buffoon, and all blundering blockhead, and an unsuccessful inventor of genius. Of course the stake is the inventor's soul. This decidedly ghastly notion is made the vehicle for a satire concerning the troubles and difficulties of inventors generally, and this is smartly done. The point of the satire is, however, a good deal blunted by the impression that the prayers of the inventor's good angel, in the person of the woman who loved him, would in any case have balked the devil of his prey. In spite of its splashes of cleverness, the story cannot be considered as adapted to many tastes; it is certainly not to ours.

#### Count Zeppelin's Air-Ship

ONE of the most remarkable events in the history of aerial navigation is, without doubt, the successful trial-trip of Count Zeppelin's air-ship, which took place on the Lake of Geneva at the beginning of the month. Count Zeppelin is an enthusiastic aeronaut, who has devoted thirty years of his life to the study of aerial ships, and for several years past he has been at work on his immense machine, which has cost over 50,000*l*. The air-ship is a cigar-shaped

balloon over 400ft. in length, and nearly 40ft. in diameter. It contains 2,000 cylinders filled with 32,000 cubic feet of hydrogen, and weighs some nine tons, with a lifting capacity of between three and four tons. Two benzine engines supply the motive power. The greatest interest has been taken in Count Zeppelin's invention, to the cost of which the German Government is said to have contributed. Owing to the strong winds the trial had been postponed more than once, but at last the weather moderated sufficiently for the ascent to take place without undue risk.

The air-ship, contained in a large floating shed, moored off Friedrichshafen, was made fast to a large pontoon and towed out into the lake. Every possible precaution was taken to secure a successful ascent. A captive balloon, in telegraphic communication with the pontoon, registered the velocity of the wind at a height of 1,500ft., observations being also taken near the lake level. When Count Zeppelin and his four daring partners, Baron Conrad Bassus, Herr Eugene Wolf and two engineers, had taken their places in the cars the order was given to cast off, the huge machine rose slowly into the air to a height of 1,200ft., and guided by the steersman sailed over the lake to the opposite shore. In seventeen minutes a distance of three and a half miles was covered, and then the voyage was cut short by an accident to the steering gear, which had so far answered perfectly. The balloon was towed back to the starting point and gently lowered again on the pontoon, amidst the vociferous cheer of the thousands of spectators who lined the edge of the lake. Count Zeppelin expressed himself fully satisfied with the experiment and declared his intention to make another trial in a month's time.



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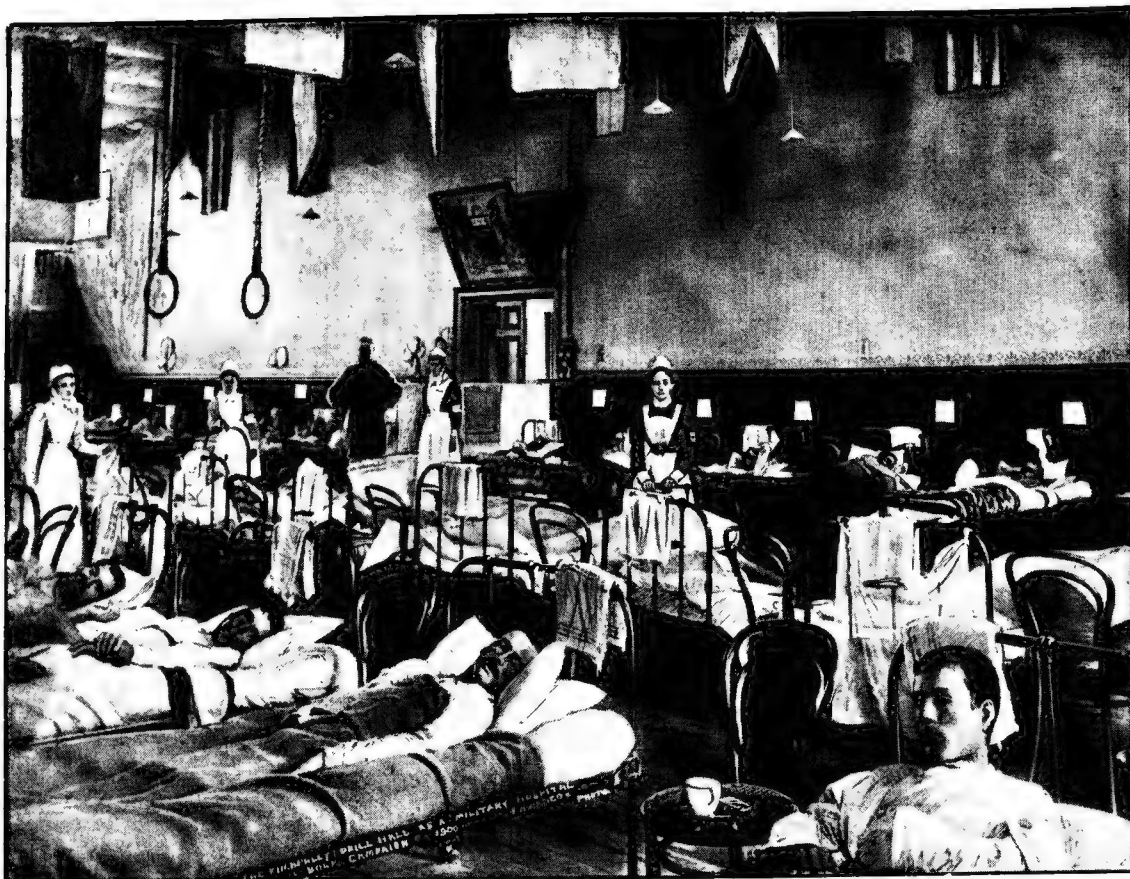
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It yields a rich, fragrant, and soothing lather most refreshing to the cuticle; that's why it's

**THE FAVOURITE.**

It's an economical Soap unexcelled for the bath, and for washing costly fabric; that's why it's

**THE FAVOURITE.**



The accompanying illustration is interesting at the present moment as showing the care which is taken of the sick and wounded at Kimberley. The Drill Hall has here been commandeered for a hospital, and the patients are comfortably provided for, there being no lack of nurses. Our photograph is by F. H. Hancox

IN HOSPITAL AT KIMBERLEY

## Rural Notes

### THE SEASON

FORCING heat such as has been enjoyed for the past fortnight has had its due effect on the fields, which, thanks to the largely over-average rainfall of June, were strengthened to resist drought. The advance of the season, accordingly, has been most rapid, and before these lines are in print a few early fields of rye and winter oats will be in sheaf. The wheat harvest proper begins with regularity a week after these preliminary exercises, and we may therefore feel tolerably sure that farmers will have the greater part of the month of August for harvesting. A month ago it looked as though very little grain would be cut before August 15. There is

no fear in England that the heat will "torrify" the grain or shrivel the corn, but in Manitoba, where 102 deg. in the shade has been registered, the fears of a heat-withering are substantial. The show of flowers has been affected by the intense sun, blooms soon "going off." Covent Garden has been ill supplied with flowers at the very height of the season, and the losses on "keeping" flowers have been such that wholesale buying has been greatly limited. The demand for salads has been enormously stimulated, and prices for lettuces, beetroot and endive have materially risen. There is also an important rise in clover and hay, and good prices are being obtained for new trifolium. The weather has been exactly what swedes and mangolds required, and these root crops are now above an average in promise. Turnips are less satisfactory, but where wireworm and fly have not been met with the growth has been excellent. There

has been an admirable growth of potatoes, but the reports from the hop gardens do not give satisfaction. Strawberries have yielded well; the season is now nearly over, and the demand remaining large, the later and northern growths are in requisition. The growers of cherries in the reign of Queen Anne are said to have secured a series of yields from June to October; similar crops would now be most welcome. The marrows and cucumbers are excellent this season, but beans are dear and lacking in succulence as well, and pears are getting large, coarse, and hard; there is a demand for small and fine pears which cannot be met. We hear of good hay in the Lake District, where rain has been frequent when the rest of England was parched.

### ROYAL SUCCESSES

Just as 1900 is universally recognised as a wonderful year for the Prince of Wales's racing stable, so it is in agricultural circles noted as a season of astonishing success—and merit—in the Queen's farms and the pedigree animals fed thereon. Her Majesty began with a quadruple triumph at Dublin in April, and this was succeeded by equally striking triumphs at the Royal Counties Show at Winchester in May. Three important prizes fell to Her Majesty's exhibits at the Royal Agricultural Show in June, and now the circle of triumphs has been completed by six victories at the Scotch Agricultural Show at Stirling. It should be mentioned that in all cases the animals paraded before the judges are not "identified" as to ownership until after the awards. The success of Her Majesty's exhibits excites the more interest as it is her orders that no animals should be sent to the showyard except they have been bred in her own stables, flocks or herds. Few exhibitors impose upon themselves this entirely voluntary restriction; as with racehorses so with pedigree farm animals, there is a big business done in promising yearlings.

### THE KEW HANDBOOKS

These manuals are perhaps a little misleading in title, as they are not guides to Kew Gardens by any means. But it is difficult to say what better title could have been chosen. They are five in number, and deal with (1) ferns, (2) orchids, (3) trees, (4) shrubs, (5) herbaceous plants. They give, in the first place, the proper scientific name of every plant found in the United Kingdom, together with its popular name, and they arrange the different types in due and proper order. Printed on one side of the page only, to facilitate the collector's own notes, they are the very thing alike for a ramble and for the library, for the lover of plants can put a rough copy in his pocket marking off plants seen or noted in the open, and he can transcribe at his leisure into a clean copy in the library his own rough notes. The volume devoted to orchids is somewhat technical in its interest, but all the other divisions embrace plants of one general noting if not growing.

### TENANTS AND GAME

Sportsmen whose experience cannot be questioned are by no means united in opposing a Game Law under which the tenant could not alienate his right to the game on his holding. The obtaining big and unbroken estates would be rendered more difficult, but "the battue man" is by no means the beau ideal of sport, and it is expected that the great increase in small lettings would make for the popularity of sport. The farmer, too, would be able to let his shootings with a view to his own harvest arrangements, and it is further thought that the cessation of game claims would promote local amity.

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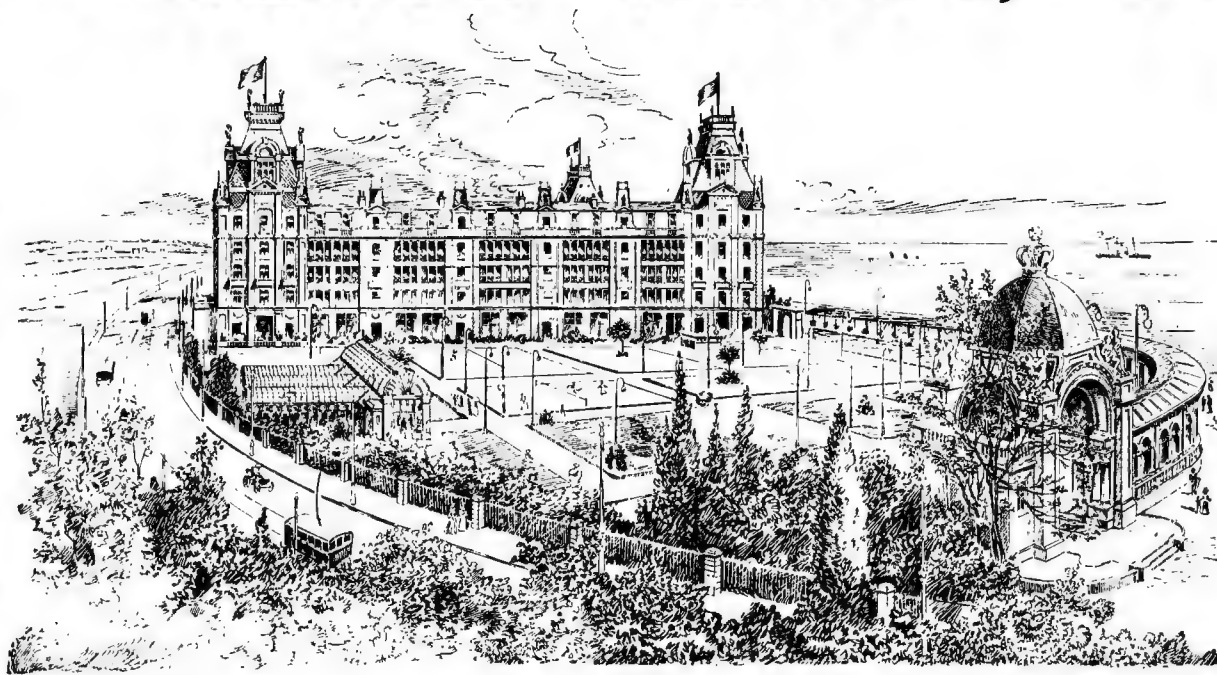
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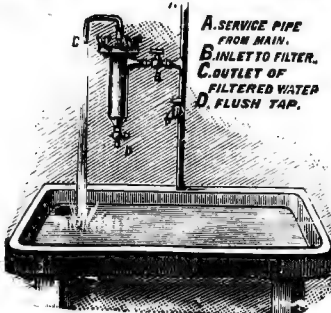
Gentlemen. I am very much pleased with your Koko for the Hair, it is a most excellent preparation. My daughters wish to try it, please send me two more bottles. Cheque enclosed.

Faithfully Yours  
Dorinda Pearl Adeline

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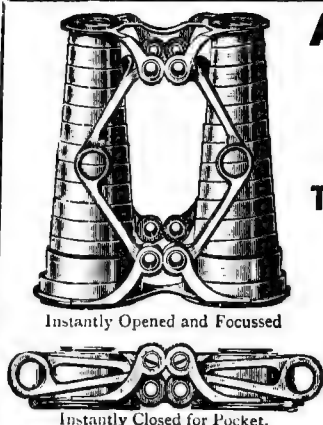
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## Books of Reference

"BURDETT'S HOSPITALS AND CHARITIES" (Scientific Press), by Sir Henry Burdett, has become the standard work on such matters. The book is not only a perfect guide to those who are in quest of a hospital, nursing home, asylum, or other institution, but to the philanthropist who wishes to give his money where it will be rightly used the volume is invaluable. A glance at the details given of each institution will in most cases be sufficient to answer the question of its worthiness of support. It is interesting to find that the volume of income of the London hospitals as a whole has steadily grown, having increased by upwards of 200,000/ a year in ten years, while the number of patients has increased by 400,000. Elaborate tables showing details of income and

expenditure of 161 voluntary hospitals are given. These institutions had an income in 1898 of 1,618,660/., while their expenditure amounted to 1,616,746/. The sources of income are minutely examined, and it is satisfactory to find that the London hospitals received a little over 2½ per cent. from paying patients, and, taken all round, the hospitals of the United Kingdom received 3 per cent. of their ordinary income from this source. Sir Henry Burdett calls attention to the fact that the many appeals for the war must have a tendency to cause the great home charities to be overlooked or pushed aside for the moment, and protests that nobody ought to give to the war funds contributions usually contributed to the hospitals.

"Fitzgibbon's Sporting Almanac" (4 and 5, Adam Street, Adelphi) is an epitome of all kinds of sport, written by well-known writers, together with a record of the dramatic produc-

tions. There is a useful diary of fixtures at the beginning of the book.

The holiday season has brought out the usual crop of guide books. "The Gossiping Guide to Wales" (Simpkin Marshall), by Askew Roberts and Edward Woodall, a new edition of which is just published, is issued in two neatly bound volumes of convenient size. The first volume deals with North Wales, and the second with the South. The Guide is full of information, which is well arranged, and it contains some excellent maps and plans.

The summer issue of the "The Sportsman's and Tourist's Guide to the Rivers, Lochs, Moors and Deer Forests of Scotland" (118, Pall Mall) has entered on the twenty-eighth year of publication, and, under the editorship of J. Watson Lyall, keeps up its reputation as a perfect guide to the sportsman's Scotland.

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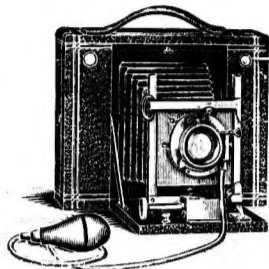
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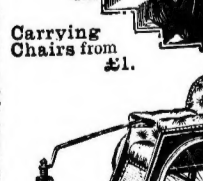
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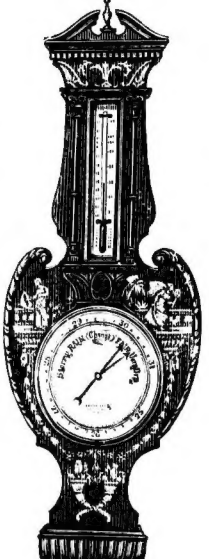


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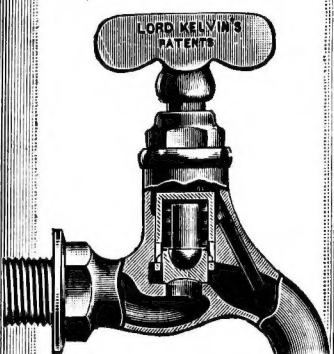
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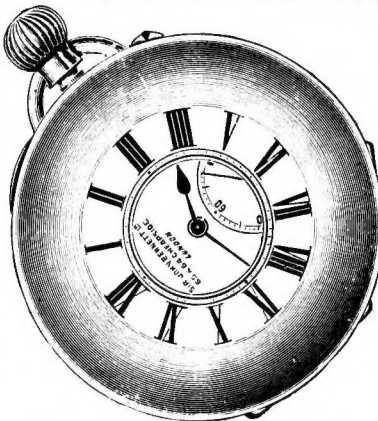
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